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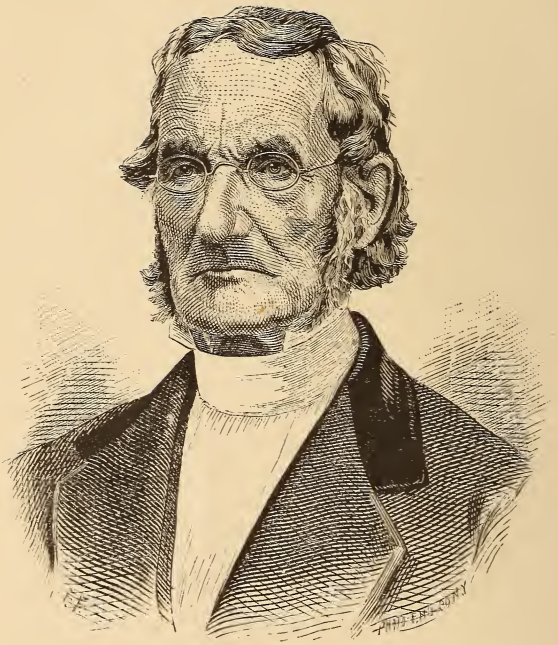

George B. Atwell.

Aged 85 Years.

MEMORIAL SKETCHES

OF

REV. GEORGE B. ATWELL.

Atwell, Harriet Georgia

"For memory is immortal."

7781

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TO THE PERSONAL FRIENDS

OF HIM WHO

"BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH"

THROUGH MEMORIES OF A LIFE IN WHICH

Charity and Love

WERE MADE A LIVING REALITY,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

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MEMORIAL SKETCHES.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

In the days of the Revolutionary struggle, there lived in New London county, Conn., a farmer whose name was Benjamin Atwell, and whose wife was the daughter of one Col. Lee. They were grandparents of George Benjamin Atwell, the subject of these sketches. In religious faith they were rigid Presbyterians, and their history shows that they were brave and loyal citizens.

Benjamin Atwell was six feet two inches in height, and was, for a time, one of Washington's life guard. At the burning of New London by Benedict Arnold in 1781, he became aware of the intended attack, and was another "Paul Revere," riding through the night and stopping at each house with endeavor to alarm and rouse the people. His wife was a royal woman, tender and gentle-hearted, yet remarkable for her fortitude and courage. Many stories are told of her to illustrate this, one of which will suffice for our purpose.

During her husband's absence in the army, the family, in common with the people in the neighborhood, were living in constant fear of the Hessians, who were in the habit of making raids into the surrounding country, burning and plundering without restraint or scruple. In course of time, provisions were needed for family use, and the only way to get them was to go herself. She saddled her horse, rode fifteen miles and obtained the needed supplies, but was told that it would be impossible for her to return in safety, for the Hessians were in the immediate vicinity. Her anxiety about her family at home was extreme ; stay she could not, go she must. She waited till night-fall, and chose a longer and less frequented road, which would take her across a river, and through a dense forest known as "Witch Woods"—a dark and fearful place. It was dark when she reached the river, a storm was gathering, and the bridge was gone ! Her horse was heavily laden, yet she urged him on. He plunged in, swam across, and landed his burdens safely on the opposite bank. In the depths of Witch Woods she was overtaken by a violent thunder-storm, and only found her way out by the flashes of lightning. She reached home at last, and was grateful and overjoyed to find her family safe. After caring for her faithful horse, she bolted doors and windows, gathered her children about her, prayed with them, and after putting them to bed, she

prepared to watch through the night and meet as best she could whatever trouble might come. Towards morning, a solitary and forlorn-looking man approached the house and called for admittance. Convinced that he was not an enemy, but probably an American soldier, she opened the door. He asked for food, and his voice startled her, but it was difficult for her to believe that it was indeed her husband, he was so changed by the hardships of war. Then the fortitude which had sustained her through the perils of the day utterly forsook her, and she could do nothing but weep.

The hopes of this father and mother were centered in their son George, who at the age of eighteen was a promising young man, with more than the common education of those times. He had been very strictly reared in the religious faith of his parents, and was considered a member of the "standing order," whose creed ignored special religious experiences. He became, however, a very gay young gentleman,—a consequence, perhaps, of his rigid early training. But the reaction spent itself, and the seed sown in childhood was not lost. It sprang up and bore fruit an hundred fold, although in quite a different way from what was expected.

During a period of school-teaching, he was brought under the preaching of Elder Zadok Darrow, the Baptist preacher of New London. Deep conviction seized upon

him, followed by bright evidence and assurance of heirship. New light and life fired him with zeal. He embraced the views of the denomination, and we find him in middle life a Baptist clergyman, ordained according to the custom of the times as an evangelist, and doing duty as a pioneer, fighting the battles against the spirit of intoleration that still lingered and lived in Connecticut. At that time no Baptist could hold an office of state, and Baptist clergymen were by law disqualified to officiate at a marriage ceremony. No judge, sheriff, nor even a justice of the peace could be found throughout the denomination, and they were completely in the power of their oppressors. Mr. Atwell, fearless in behalf of the right, dared to unite in marriage two members of his own society. He was prosecuted, tried, convicted, and suffered the penalties of the law. He was also persecuted in many and various ways for his courage and earnestness in his evangelical labors, whereby he helped to open a way for the recognition of the rights and liberties of the denomination. That blessed time, however, he was destined not to see with earthly eyes, for it was not until after his death that perfect religious liberty was constitutionally established in Connecticut.

In consequence of carrying out his convictions of duty, regardless of obstacles, his temporal affairs became deeply involved, and this state of things, in those

days of stringent laws, wielded as they were by the hands of enemies, brought upon himself and his family a train of distresses that even at this distant day are painful to dwell upon. Still he labored with varied yet marked success. There was no half-way work about the man, and nothing could come between him and his chosen work of planting of churches and saving of souls. He is reputed to have been a powerful and successful preacher, and his diary, parts of which have been preserved, tells the story of continued and arduous labor. He was intimate with Elder John Leland, and no doubt imbibed some of his spirit and zeal. He was often a great physical sufferer, and has been known to be lifted above all knowledge of his pain by mere excitement of feeling. Once, on the occasion of a prayer-meeting at his house, he was confined to his bed by a painful illness. He listened to the praying and singing until he could contain himself no longer, when he arose from his bed, appeared among them, and prayed with an unction that was not soon forgotten.

These meetings were a power in the community, sometimes earnest and solemn, and at others a very jubilee of praise. They were frequented by the older persons of the neighborhood, and many of the hymns sung had been handed down from a former generation, and were outbreathings of the religious spirit of *now* nearly two centuries ago. With healing and consolation

upon their wings, they seem to have borne the sorrows and aspirations of the oppressed and persecuted Christians of the early time.

Among our childhood recollections of our father is the singing of some of these quaint old lyrics that his remarkable memory retained from his earliest remembrance. He learned them a four-year-old boy, being put to bed in an adjoining room, where he could listen to and take in all the exercises of these notable evening gatherings. One ancient carol, in particular, remains in sacred memory, for sitting upon "father's knee," many a twilight hour has been whiled away under its inspiration. To the ordinary reader it presents neither rhyme nor rhythm, but the old-fashioned singing lent it wings and music. With each succeeding stanza, it gathers to itself force and expression, until one refrain seems to roll in upon another to be borne aloft upon the rapture of the closing chorus. The following is a specimen:

On *a* feast day of ancient time,
Jesus stood and cri-ed,
If any—any—any man thirst,
Let them come to me and drink,
And save their souls from dying!
For nothing—nothing—nothing else surely can
Quench the immortal thirst
That in your hearts are glowing!

Come and taste the streams of love
That are so freely flowing,
Saying, Drink, my love, my only dove,
For you 'tis freely flowing.
And happy—happy—happy be,
And happy—happy—happy be!

It was in such an atmosphere of prayer and praise, over an undercurrent of deep trouble and anxiety, that George B. Atwell was reared, and the influence that these uplifting old hymns, sung as they were, with "the spirit and the understanding," may have had upon the nature of the boy, whose memory was thus stored with them, can hardly be estimated.

His mother's maiden name was Esther Rogers. She was a sister of Elder Peter Rogers, and was the youngest of six children. The family line, by means of valuable records, (now most unfortunately destroyed by fire,) is traced back directly to John Rogers, who was burned at the stake in Smithfield, England. Several sons of the martyr, to escape the persecutions that awaited them and the possible fate of their father, emigrated to America and made themselves homes in the Southern States. One afterwards removed to New England and settled in New London, Conn., and from him the family directly descended.

The "Rogers grit," as it is familiarly called, seems to have been transmitted without alloy through seven

generations to Elder Peter Rogers, whose name is found in Baptist annals as minister and soldier. Seven years' actual service in the Revolutionary war brought him high distinction. He first distinguished himself as captain of a vessel, and his achievements as a privateersman won appreciation from General Washington, who rewarded him with a place in his body guard. His personal reminiscences show the tremendous physical endurance of the man. He was engaged in the battle of Monmouth, and history records the intense heat of that terrible day. While his comrades were falling dead around him from heat and fatigue, he says of himself, "I literally melted; *the fat in my system melted and arose in great spoonfuls in my mouth*, yet I stood my ground"! and at Valley Forge, "At every step my bare and bleeding feet left blood-prints on the snow. I became severely ill with small-pox; the hospital was crowded with sick soldiers, and the suffering was beyond description; but there was not a time during my sickness when, if it had been necessary, I would not have seized my gun and stood at my post."

His patriotic service made him a man of mark to the end of his days, but his life-work did not close with the war. Among the first Baptist ecclesiastical gatherings in the town of Norwich were councils for the purpose of ordaining "Bro. Peter Rogers as Elder" over the newly organized Bozrah church. His battle-scarred

appearance and soldierly bearing made some of the brethren fear that he had mistaken his calling; but his life and labors proved him to have been "divinely called," and fully justified his ordination as a minister. He was the first Baptist clergyman ordained in the town of Norwich, and the Bozrah church prospered under his ministry. His preaching is described* as "solid and instructive, and as leaving the impression of the speaker's sincerity and plainness rather than brilliancy." He was afterward pastor in Hampton, Killingly, and lastly of the old Leicester church in the Sturbridge Association. He died in Waterloo, Illinois, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years and nine months.

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* Denison's Historical Notes.

CHAPTER II.

INFLUENCES.

Esther Rogers was an intellectual woman, gifted in prayer and conversation and endowed with literary tastes. She was married to Mr. Atwell in 1788, and proved an efficient aid to him in his ministerial work. Their family consisted of nine children, of whom George Benjamin, their eldest son, was third in number. He was born July 9, 1793. In a fragment of his father's diary we find the following mention of him: "Dec., 1793. A mixed and bitter cup—a day of trial and trouble to our souls. Expected to be committed to prison for debt, and in the midst of my expectation our infant son, sitting in the cradle by the fire, fell backward into the devouring element. The physician gives his opinion that the child cannot continue long." He was considered so near unto death that the little grave clothes were made ready, but he was spared for a long life of good words and works. He always carried the mark of the accident, and suffered more or less from its results. Again the diary makes record: "Saturday, Feb. 12, 1803. Covenant meeting this day, and such a season the oldest member of this church (Saybrook)

never saw before. Two joined us this day; one of them was my own son, not ten years old, and my mind labored to exercise right motives." Then comes a few words by his mother's hand, as follows: "During his father's absence, George urged me to allow him to conduct family worship. I did so, and he prayed like a little angel. How it would have charmed his father!"

He inherited his father's impulsive temperament, ready sympathies, and magnetic presence, and his mother's martyr blood and martyr faith, ability and disposition for endurance of suffering or hardship without flinching or complaint. He was his mother's comforter during the distressful times of prosecution and persecution, and then, no doubt, began the development of the characteristics that so individualized his whole after life. His delicate regard for another's feelings sometimes amounted to weakness, but it made him one of the rarest of comforters, and his very presence like a sustaining power.

The little that can be gathered from his boyhood indicates the developing of an active and independent mind. When about eleven years old, for obvious reasons, he left his father's house to live in the family of a good old deacon in Saybrook. We hear of him from time to time as a barefoot boy, driving the cows to pasture, and stopping at a flat rock, with a stone for a pencil, to work out some mystery of old Daboll;

setting traps for squirrels and woodchucks; gathering goose-quills for the "schoolmaster" to shape into pens; trudging to school over the snow-drifts in new, stiff shoes, homespun jacket, and squirrel-skin cap, but never an overcoat, and never knowing that he needed it, and studying Guthrie's Geography, in which mermaids are treated as living realities, and New York bounded "west by unknown lands"! In school he was conspicuous for scholarship, attracting the attention of the "inspectors," and called upon to read for their entertainment whenever they made their lawful visits, and receiving their praise for his "remarkably plain handwriting." Sometimes the "master" paid him special honor by requesting him to "set the copies" in the writing-books of other pupils, and he never quite lost a certain boyish pride in the fair, round penmanship that he retained to the last.

Underneath this boy-life was another life, which was a turmoil of mental doubts and questionings. The words of the Bible were to him wonderful realities,—great, transcendent facts that his poor little life must ever fail to reach, and the superstitions that were intermingled with the piety of those with whom he was thrown in contact, were to him a source of perplexity and trial. Often, sitting of a winter's evening in a recess of the huge old fireplace, where, if he chose, he could look up the chimney and watch the stars, he

would listen to the conversation of neighbors and friends who might chance to drop in. The talk often turned upon religious matters, for those were the days that tried men's souls, and religion was a vital point in practical every-day life. Sometimes the wide-awake, listening boy in the chimney-corner would venture a question or two, like a lightning flash, directly into some little mist of superstition, to be met with looks of astonishment and the remark, "What a boy! Why do you ask such strange questions?" Thus thrust back upon himself, homesick and longing for the loving parents who might more wisely guide him, he pondered these things in his heart, and, without complaint, went bravely on his way.

We hear of him as a young man, ardent, impulsive, and quick-tempered; straight as an arrow, lithe and athletic, popular among his young friends, fastidious as to his dress, and, in short, like his father before him, somewhat of a gay young gentleman. The delicate side of his nature, however, was in the habit of asserting itself; he liked to pay special attention to aged people, and although himself naturally shy and sensitive to the last degree, he made himself the defender of bashful boys, and at the apple-parings and quilting-frolics any neglected maiden might expect to find in him a devoted champion. He was happily free from unfortunate habits, and one of the satisfactions of his

old age was the looking back upon a clear physical record. He often said of himself, "I never got drunk in my life, never swore in my life, never played cards in my life, never used tobacco in my life;" and the good old Saybrook deacon, a man of few words, said to him, *once for all*, "You was always a good boy, George!"

In the meantime his father had become the settled pastor of the church in Enfield. His pastorate there was somewhat eventful in the history of Longmeadow, Mass., as it was a direct result of his labors that the Baptist church in that town came into existence. The closing pages of his diary record daily visiting and praying with the sick and attending funerals until Wednesday evening, March 30th, when he preached his last sermon at the house of Isaiah Allen of Enfield. It was said of him that "he had uncommon assistance in speaking, and it was very evident that his Lord and Master helped him close his ministry with power." He died on Sunday, April 10, 1814, of a "prevailing fever," and eight days later his wife followed him from the same disease.

These events wrought a revolution in the life of their eldest son. It was his first great sorrow, and in his loneliness and distress he sought to lay his burden upon his Heavenly Father, who alone could help. He seemed to receive an immediate answer to prayer, and it was

on this wise: "*You must preach and take your father's place.*" This was to him so direct and so vivid that he involuntarily spoke aloud, as if face to face with a friend, "How can I preach with my insufficient education?"

He could not rid himself of the impression; it followed and clung to him. He strove to quiet his conscience by taking part in prayer and conference meetings, and even by writing exhortations and placing them where they would be found and read, but it was of no avail. The command was upon him, "*You must preach and take your father's place.*"

About this time he was providentially led into opportunities for study, a period to which he often referred as one of the happiest of his life. He found a congenial and intimate friend in Alanson Abbe, a young man who in after years became well known as a successful Boston physician. He had a decided taste for medical study, and so strongly desired to join his friend in that direction that the two young men began a course of reading together. They were studying one night quite late, when he threw down his books with the exclamation, "Alanson, this is nonsense! God never designed such deadly poisons to go into the human stomach!"

An animated discussion followed, which lasted until the "small hours," and in which he brought out a

theory of his own, that the mind could and should be made to act as a healing and curative power upon the body.

"How?" said his friend; "tell me how!"

"The brain controls the body, don't it?" was the reply. "I tell you, *there is something there that ought to control disease!*"

It was impossible for his mind to move in a beaten track; strike out it must and find an orbit of its own, and as a consequence, there came in the course of their reading other sharp discussions, in which he elaborated his original theories, while his friend vigorously defended the authors.

Circumstances afterward threw the two friends wide apart for years, but in the prime of their manhood they met once more, at the Baptist parsonage in Canton, Conn.

Said Dr. Abbe, "George, you should have been a physician. It has been absolutely surprising to me how much of my success is due to the ideas that I got from you when we were young men together; in fact, I owe all my celebrity to you!"

It may be worthy of note that these ideas, struck out at white heat by the youthful mind of sixty-five years ago, are the same in effect as are now recognized as common-sense laws. For instance, one of his pet theories—and it was entirely his own—was that the most

complete rest and recreation was not found in idleness, but in the exercising of another set of faculties. "Keep action up," was his favorite motto, and he applied it to his daily life. He would rarely "rest," for he was rarely "tired," but aimed to keep his system poised by counter-action without over-action.

Here was the turning point of his life, and to human eyes it seems that larger opportunities for culture and discipline in medical study might have made him a blessing to the world as a "good physician," but it was destined not to be. He felt that he must preach, and circumstances conspired to lead him in that direction. He received encouragement from ministers and other Christian brethren, and the second Baptist church in Colchester licensed him to preach, granting him "their approbation of his Public Gift in Preaching the Word." He had been previously united in marriage to Miss Mary M. Tennent of Colchester, a woman whose firm and gentle disposition and even temperament proved a happy balance to her impulsive and eccentric husband, and whose presence was a blessing both in household and community. He received a call from Longmeadow to become pastor of the church organized by his father, and was the first Baptist minister ordained in that town.

He could not at once give up his medical reading, and he was fond of testing his own theories,—sometimes

at the risk of serious consequences. A case of small-pox occurred in the town, which caused general alarm. The patient was removed to a lonely house, the road leading thereto "fenced up," and he was left to the mercy of an inexperienced nurse. Mr. Atwell could not rest. Braving the danger, he went to the house and administered consolation to the dying man. In due time he began to feel very ill. It happened on a Sunday, but preach he would. As he descended the pulpit stairs, dizzy and sick, at the close of the afternoon service, he was met by the village doctor with, "Elder Atwell, you are sick, as I expected. Get home as quick as you can. Here is some medicine; take it and go to bed, and to-morrow morning I will come and see you."

He started on a rapid run, and when he reached home he was in a profuse perspiration. Throwing the medicine into the fire, he made use of some simple remedies, and went to bed.

Morning brought the friendly doctor according to promise. "I am glad to see you better," he said. "You have had all the symptoms of small-pox, but I do believe you will escape the sickness."

That he *did* escape it, Mr. Atwell claimed was owing to his own will-power, which may be explained by the fact that, in his view, disease was a sin, and that his physical constitution always seemed to combat the one as his moral nature did the other.

CHAPTER III.

DEVELOPMENT.

The two years' pastorate in Longmeadow was virtually his season of preparation for his life-work, and the following extracts from his journal may serve to show where the girding and disciplining had to begin:

"Lord's Day. Pleasant day, full assembly, considerable ease in speaking, not so much spiritual liberty as I could desire. Lecture 5 o'clock, rather dry, not much effect produced upon the minds of the people. Monday, severe conflict with Satan, followed by compunctions of conscience for former sin, succeeded by tranquillity of mind and strong desires after holiness. Tuesday morning witnessed a victory over Satan,—a rare thing for me. Satan could boast a slight advantage in an hour after his head was bruised."

It will be seen that one of his trials was his natural self-consciousness. To overcome this he prayed much, and we find in a private note-book a set of rules, written by himself, for his own guidance and designed for his own eyes alone. We intrude upon its sacred privacy only to make one extract, which is suggestive

of the habit of his mind of seizing all sides of an idea at a grasp:

"You wish to be great, and yet you stoop and tremble before the very men who ought to tremble before you. *For truth's sake recover from this ignominy;* yet you must be sensible of your own ignorance and weakness, and be sure and keep low, for then you will be in no danger of falling."

In this connection comes a reminiscence from a former pupil: "When I was a young man I was painfully bashful, and Mr. Atwell once said to me, 'There is no need of your suffering so much; people don't care as much as you think they do!' I was indignant for one moment, but the next my eyes were opened, and I found myself immensely relieved of my self-consciousness, for I saw it was half egotism."

The distinguishing feature of Mr. Atwell's first pastorate seems to have been peace-making. Two prominent men in whom he felt an interest became involved in a bitter quarrel. After much difficulty, he succeeded in bringing them together at his own house, and labored with them during the whole of a long evening. During the process of reconciliation he so presented the good qualities of each to the other, that both were surprised to see how much they had in common, and grasped hands in friendly sympathy, and afterwards became congenial and even intimate friends.

Two pastors of churches had a grievance with each other which they failed to reconcile. At last, after much dispute and unpleasant feeling, they agreed each to tell their story to Mr. Atwell, and abide by his decision, whatever it might be. As the two clergymen were both older than himself, and belonged to different denominations, he felt himself in an embarrassing place. Before listening to their statements, he said, "I know of but one way for ministers to settle a dispute."

"How is that?" said they.

"Do as the great peace-maker did; let the innocent one bear the wrong with patience, and pray for the guilty one!"

No more could be said; the story was not told, and he never even knew the nature of the trouble he so summarily settled.

An unhappy estrangement occurred between a young husband and wife of his acquaintance, and the lady came to him for advice. After patiently listening to her story he said to her, "You should not have said *that* to your husband; it hurt him cruelly."

"But Mr. Atwell, he *just deserved it*, and I wanted to strike when the iron was hot!"

"But don't you know that iron can be made hot by striking? Remember, when *temper* grows hot, love grows cold!"

In 1824 or '25 he accepted a call to become the pastor of the church in West Woodstock. In reviewing his sermons of those days we find them systematically arranged, carefully written out, simple and direct in expression, enlivened by the characteristic thoughts that effectually redeemed them from commonplaceness. We give a few extracts:

"Man is compounded of mortality and immortality, the dust of the ground and the breath of the Almighty. He fell too low for Divinity to stoop to him; Christ combined Humanity and Divinity and brought them together."

"We were made in God's image that we might live; God made Himself in ours that He might die."

"We are subject to death; Death is subject to Christ. At the foot of Mt. Olivet is a garden. In a garden the image of God was lost, and in a garden regained. It was lost by eating pleasant fruit, and gained by drinking a bitter cup."

"Christians are compounded of an outward and inward man; both must be sanctified—the inward man by faith, and the outward by confession of it."

"God came to Adam in the cool of the day; He communes with His people in times of cool reflection."

"Man makes his days evil; God makes them few.

"If saints have anything to boast of, sinners have something to complain of."

"Patience is the opposite of Passion, and to this cause may be traced our troubles, and to Patience many of our chief joys."

His strength, however, lay not in sermonizing. He was a natural pastor, and by daily contact with a genial and appreciative people, his capabilities in that direction developed and blossomed into life. He was endowed with a large share of personal magnetism, and became, as it were, *en rapport* with the whole parish. They loved him in their homes, their fields, their schools, their stores, their work-shops; and this leads us to a vital point in his organism, which not to consider, the story would be but half told. He possessed a peculiar insight into the natures of people, a faculty of reading the countenance and coming in contact with what was passing in their minds, by which he understood their character and motives, and at times, even their mental and moral history. What this power was, how it originated and developed, we know not, but we know that it existed and that he turned it to wise use. We say wise use, because, as "a consecrated life depends upon unseen sources for what it is and what it gives," this also must be judged by its fruits. Always used in a helpful and uplifting way, it was purified and sanctified in him, and was the secret of his influence and of his life mission. Hence he was a natural comforter. Wherever was trouble, sickness, or sorrow, there he

might be found, binding breaking hearts with words of consolation, and upholding fainting spirits by the cheer of his presence. A few lines from a private letter, written by one of his most valued friends,* fitly puts into words the experience of many:

"It seemed to me that Rev. Mr. Atwell's peculiarities were a striking originality both of thought and expression, a charming quaintness and a delicate refinement that gave him the keenest instincts as a comforter. I used to say that Father Atwell was a born gentleman, and would have been one under any circumstances. He was our guest to my great gratification the summer after our little Jamie spread his bright wings and left us. My heart was very sore, and it is impossible to describe the delicate sympathy which made itself felt in all that good man's deportment like a soothing atmosphere."

His faith was of the *kind* to remove mountains, for his personal relation to God was simple and direct as that of a child to a parent, and his trust in Him was fully as implicit. His plan of living was not readily understood and was sometimes a source of amusement to certain practical minds, because his point of view was not entirely of this world; but the principle that he made the ruling purpose of his life has since been largely tested and carried out upon another continent

* Mrs. S. Emilia Phelps.

by George Muller, in his *Life of Trust.* It seemed never to occur to Mr. Atwell to doubt the goodness of Providence, and it may be worthy of record that it *never failed him.*

He had the faculty of administering rebuke and instruction, as well as consolation. An excellent Christian friend had much trouble, and said to Mr. Atwell, "What have I done to have so much trouble? I cannot feel a moment of peace. It is like being in hot water and boiling oil all the time."

The reply was, "Christians are like tea; to get out the strength you must put it into hot water. John was put into boiling oil and came out well anointed for his work. That was the oil that filled his lamp!"

"But I have lost all my property."

"So did Job, but you know it was in good hands. Did not God take better care of it than Job could?"

He was a zealous friend of Sunday-schools, and while in Woodstock he took an active interest in foreign missions, and his house became headquarters for students and others who were preparing for the work. Mrs. Calista H. Vinton, of honored memory, was for a time an inmate of his family, and there made the acquaintance of the self-denying young student who afterwards became her husband.

Mr. Atwell was especially helpful to young people. His *forte* lay in recognizing the best things in them,

and by a few timely words setting them in a way to endeavor and success. The following is but one instance out of many:

A certain man had a rebellious and unpromising son, who was in the habit of making trouble in school, and under the shadow of a bad reputation was generally shunned and avoided. Mr. Atwell was then teaching in West Woodstock, and the father in despair came to ask him to take the boy under his care as a pupil, and "see if anything could be made of him." He consented, on condition that if he caused disturbance he should leave at once. Accordingly, one Monday morning the new pupil made his appearance in the schoolroom. He was a full-grown, stalwart young man in size, with a sullen, dangerous looking face. Mr. Atwell's first thought as he looked at him was, "His badness does not lie deep; it can be turned into another channel." He addressed him, "Good morning Mr. ——. I am glad to have you come to my school. I sometimes need an assistant, and I may wish to call upon you." The next day he said to the school, "I am going out and shall be absent about an hour. I shall leave Mr. —— in charge of the school, and he will report your behavior to me." Then turning to the new scholar he said, "Mr. ——, will you please take my chair and have charge until I return?"

When he came in the school was orderly as usual,

but the look upon the boy's face was like a transfiguration. To the surprise of every one, he was an obedient and well-behaved scholar to the end of the season, and the winter's experience strongly influenced his subsequent course. He afterwards said to Mr. Atwell, "The feeling that some one could trust and respect me went through me like fire!"

Mr. Atwell's manner of teaching was original and unique. His former pupils tell many pleasant "tales out of school," and among other reminiscences are the "miscellaneous questions" with which he sometimes would close the afternoon, and for which the scholars would wait with sparkling eyes and expectant faces. One afternoon a little boy fearful of being disappointed cried out, "Oh, Mr. Atwell, aren't you going to ask us some *mischievous questions?*"

"Yes," said Mr. A., with twinkling eyes, "we will have some 'mischievous questions.' Which is the harder to bear, great sorrow and trouble of mind, or toothache?" A little girl who had been a special sufferer piped out, "Toothache!" The laughter and ridicule of the school was more than *she* could bear, and Mr. Atwell carried her home sobbing in his arms.

CHAPTER IV.

SEED-TIME.

Mr. Atwell left Woodstock in 1834, but absence and separation did not diminish the affection between pastor and people. It would seem like exaggeration to tell of the occasional visits afterwards, the brightening of faces, the flying up of windows with cries of "Elder, stop! Elder, stop!" and the greetings and reunions that even now are cheering and restful in their memory. The friends who knew and loved him well have grown old and passed away, and it is ever to be regretted that more cannot be gathered illustrative of this most delightful pastorate of his long ministerial experience.

A former pupil furnishes a reminiscence of an effective evening sermon from the text, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." "Tears and sobs resounded through the audience, and the seed sown bore fruit in at least *one* genuine conversion, besides other good results that memory fails to recall."

After leaving Woodstock he became pastor of the Church in Cromwell, then known as Upper Houses in Middletown, and remained there one year. He then settled in Meriden, and retained charge of the church

until the spring of 1837. Early in that year a general religious awakening resulted in conversions and accessions to the Meriden churches. An extract from a family letter, dated March 5, 1837, shows that the Baptist church also shared in the blessing:

"Our meetings are very interesting, and we feel that a revival has come. We have had meetings every evening for about three weeks, and still continue them, as yet with great interest. The vestry is crowded to overflowing, and the school-room is opened to accommodate the people. To-day the anxious ones retired to the school-room, and there were quite a number. L—— M—— commenced praying for them, and one prayer followed another, and we felt that the Spirit of the Lord was there."

While in Meriden, Mr. Atwell received calls from churches in Milford, Haddam, and Suffield, but his work awaited him in the quiet village lying in the midst of hills and mountains, known in the olden time as *Suffrage*, in the town of Canton, Conn.

His first visit to Canton was at the close of a spring day, when he found himself in a pleasant village street, and conspicuous in its center was an old-fashioned meeting-house, without steeple, unpainted and homely, but gilded and glorified for the moment by the rays of the setting sun. The church was the oldest and had been one of the most influential of the denomination

in that part of the State. It was the only Baptist church in the town, and its members and sympathizers comprised the majority of a community that reached over the outlying hills, and included thrifty householders and owners of thriving farms and orchards. There were men of means, who, by hard-wrought accumulation of cents and dollars had become rich without knowing it, and without knowing or fully apprehending the responsibilities that rightfully belong to a Christian church. It was a solid and stable community, self-dependent, and consequently with an intensely individual life that is rapidly going out in the march of Progress. There were troops of young people with sterling qualities of mind and heart, outgrowths of the New England of forty years ago, ready for the impressions and moulding that circumstance and influence must and will bring either for good or for ill.

In the midst of these possibilities the pulse of the church beat low. The prayer-meeting was deserted, the Sunday-school on the eve of dissolution, and the lethargy that indicates the ebb of spiritual life seemed to have seized upon all. It was a rich field for a working minister, and the vineyard was waiting for its laborer.

Mr. Atwell preached in the old meeting-house, and some of the people went to hear him. He came again, and noticeable in the congregation was the venerable

Dea. Elisha Case, over eighty years old and trembling with the infirmities of age.

After this Mr. Atwell, with his black horse and two-wheeled chaise, rode over the hills and made himself somewhat acquainted with the people, and with this man of upright carriage and magnetic presence came a new life into their homes. Strong men began to feel that the best things in them had never been awakened, and with the unwonted stirrings came self-respect and aspirations for better things. Children upon his knee found one who knew all their troubles and could delight in their joys; and where the children could feel confidence mothers' hearts could rest.

The following incident, related by a life-long friend, seems not out of place in this connection:

"The first time I ever saw Mr. Atwell, I was taking care of a cross baby. I was worn out for want of rest, for the child had cried more than half the night, and it seemed that the more I tried to quiet it the louder it screamed. I was about giving it some medicine to make it sleep, when I heard a step on the porch, and a straight man, a stranger, stood in the door.

'Don't do that,' he exclaimed; 'let me take the babe.'

"He took the child in his arms and walked once or twice up and down the long kitchen; the crying stopped, and it was not long before it was fast asleep.

'There,' said he, 'is not that better than drops? Never give a child medicine to quiet it. You did not sleep last night, and your nervousness made it irritable. It will wake up well.'

"He left me wondering if an angel had dropped from the clouds, but I learned afterward that it was the new minister."

He came and preached the third time, and a goodly number congregated; unwonted faces were seen in the pews, and a general quickening impulse was evident. This was followed by a meeting of the church and society, which was reported to Mr. Atwell as follows:

"Mr. Atwell, the church would like to have you become our pastor, but we fear that we shall not be able to support you."

"Is that the only objection?" said Mr. A.

"That is all," was the reply.

"Is that the unanimous expression of the church?"

"It is; the only objection is the difficulty of obtaining means of support."

"Then," said Mr. A., "I will come; for I know you *can* support me, and I have no doubt that you will!"

Had this ended the negotiation, no one who knew him would have been surprised. Here was the work, and that the Good Father would take care of the rest he never doubted.

So he brought his family to the little maple-shaded

parsonage, and began preaching in the old-fashioned meeting-house,—which may we never forget! The outside doors fronting in various directions; the square, high-backed pews; the lofty, over-hanging pulpit, ornamented on occasions of evening service with a pair of huge wooden yellow-painted candlesticks, for which candles of extra size must be especially made; the long, quaint galleries; the choir of comely young matrons led by Major D—— with his "pitch-pipe," and the premonitory "fa, sol, la" by the singers when Rockingham, Dundee, China, or Old Hundred was to be rendered without "variations" to the waiting audience.

In the year 1838 there occurred a powerful revival which seems to have been a direct result of a series of pointed sermons, preached first to the church, then to the impenitent, and from which we draw a few extracts:

"To what has a neglect of religion brought us? Read on the walls of our deserted prayer-meeting. Go there and exclaim with Elijah, 'I only am left!' Look at our Sabbath-school! Rachel might stand and weep for her children. Look at the amount of our benevolence which speaks to the world how much we feel for missions! *Trace these dry channels to their sources* and look at the heart! Shrink not back; come indeed to the sepulchre, but find not the body of the Lord Jesus! A voice in mournful accents says, 'He is not here!'"

"God cannot look upon your life with complacency,

nor you upon His commandments. God is opposed to your heart, and you to God's attributes. You are at war with God's justice, and God with your injustice. You view God a hard master, and God views you a slothful servant. You think the penalty of his laws too severe; God thinks that you have no right to trample upon His laws all your life. I solemnly declare, in the name of God, a dreadful war is waged by all the perfections of God against sin. The honor and truth of the King of Kings is enlisted, and truth declares in thunder tones that in this war *God is right and you are wrong!* This great truth I must declare, *God is right and you are wrong!* Oh, that I might engrave it with a sunbeam on every star! Oh, that I might dip the pen in Heaven and write it upon your hearts, *God is right and you are wrong!*"

"What is time but a great whirlpool swallowing up all things? Around and around you are moving in lessening circles, and the grave is the center to which you tend. On its brink you stand only long enough to undress; and, alas! how often is the cradle rocked beside the grave! All you can lay up must be laid up in God, for all else is dreadful waste. Jesus calls you. Once He hung between thieves and called on God; now He stands between cherubim and calls on *you.* The terms of your salvation are terms Justice never called for; they are granted at Mercy's pleading voice.

The means which you refuse, the terms that you reject, were wrung from the bleeding, dying Son of God. Repent *now!* To-morrow death may darken your eyes and chill your blood. Repent *now!* To-morrow reason may be driven from its throne, and God banished from the heart. Repent *now!* To-morrow conscience may become seared and impossible to move you again. Repent *now!* To-morrow the Holy Spirit may have fled for ever with this tremendous record,—a crucified Son of God. Repent *now!* To-morrow will carry you one day farther from God, from purity, from hope, from happiness, and *home*."

CHAPTER V.

HARVEST.

THE awakening was widespread, and fifty-two converts, many of them young people, among whom was his daughter, were baptized and united with the church. It has been said of Mr. Atwell, that during this Pentecostal season, his intuitive knowledge of the individual needs of those who were seeking "seemed like inspiration." To one he urged only submission.

"Is this the way?" was asked. "Must I make no effort?"

"This is the way for you," he would reply.

To another he presented the full terrors of the law, and to another the character of Christ in its beauty and its tenderness. In looking over the church books and reading the record of names, and tracing the subsequent histories as far as we know them, of those who were brought into the fold, it may be worthy of note that, with rare exceptions, all have "held to the faith," an argument against a prevailing idea that converts made in the excitement of a revival are prone to "fall off."

Another test, perhaps, of the genuineness of this

awakening, may be found in the fact that a breeze of opposition arose, and that upon the occasion of an appointment to preach at a certain school-house, a threat was conveyed to Mr. Atwell from some "fellows of the baser sort," that if he attempted to meet the appointment he would be "thrown into the river." He started at the appointed time, and as he came in sight of the trysting-place, he noticed several stalwart forms gathered together as if in waiting. We can imagine a little more straightening of the erect figure, and an extra glint of fun in the twinkle of the eye, and curves of the mouth, as bowing right and left, with a courteous "Good evening, gentlemen!" he saluted the group, and drove on unmolested.

At the meeting of the Hartford Association in 1837, Mr. Atwell served as chairman of the committee on Education, and presented an interesting report. In 1838, he acted as assistant clerk, and was appointed delegate to the Ashford and New Haven Associations.

In October, 1838, he was called to pass through a great affliction in the death of the daughter, whom only a few weeks before, he had baptized and received into the church. She was an interesting girl of sixteen years, the life and light of the home, and dear to the hearts of of the people. She died of a malignant fever, and to add to the distress, the wife and mother was prostrated by the same disease, and her condition was so

critical that she did not know when her daughter was buried.

Whatever weakness Mr. Atwell, in common with other mortals, may have had in ordinary affairs of life, in times of greatest sorrow he was always *strong*. In a letter written at this time, he says:

"She is still alive, but before this letter reaches you I think she will be dead. I am calm, my mind is stayed on God, I am perfectly reconciled; she has told me that she has thought much of her Saviour, and I have no doubt that her spirit will be with the saints in light. Deacon Higley and wife are here, and the neighbors overwhelm us with kindness and sympathy."

This but faintly expresses, and it is impossible to describe the sublime trust with which his whole nature arose to meet the new sorrow laid upon him. In darkest hour he seemed to fly heavenward. What he received he must needs give, so the more his own heart was aching the more he reached out to others and gave himself, as if for a refuge and strong tower of comfort.

Previous to this, Mr. Atwell had been in consultation with some of the members of the church, and had proposed the plan of building a new house of worship. It proved a heavy ball to set in motion. The matter was debated among them; the *pro's* and *con's* duly weighed, and the *con's* bade fair to be the heavier. The substantial and conservative members considered the recent

financial pressure, also the wordliness and seeming vanity of the undertaking, while the younger portion, then, as now, wiser than their elders, could see no obstacle in the way. In course of time, however, the opposite forces were happily equalized, and the ball began to roll. Once put into action, the work went on apace, and before the summer ended the building was finished and dedicated. A private letter dated August 30, 1839, says:

"We have had our dedication, all harmonious and pleasing. Sixteen ministers present, and all seemed to think it the most pleasant country church they ever saw. We have bargained for a bell, weight eight hundred pounds, and our good people appear delighted and pleased."

No one, perhaps, was more so than the veteran Deacon Elisha Case. His sons were active members of the church, and from the beginning of the undertaking he had been on the side of progress. There came now to the good old man a proof of God's love and delight in gratifying the desires of his children. He had often been heard to say, "I want to live to see this house finished and dedicated, and then I am ready to die."

The Sabbath following the dedication he was assisted into the pulpit and sat during the service, evidently listening with marked attention. He was the oldest man in that crowded house, and regarded by all with

reverent affection. In a few days after this the new bell was raised, and its first service was to toll for his death. The funeral was made the occasion of a very impressive sermon, in which were brought out some facts and curious coincidences of his life, which at that place and time were of thrilling interest to a large concourse of relatives and friends. Among many others was,

"Jacob's number was seventy souls when he went into Egypt; Deacon Case's is eighty-four. He has numbered eighty-four years and God has given him eighty-four descendants, one for every year of his life."

Now came flourishing and palmy days. The new church was filled from Sabbath to Sabbath, the Aarons and Hurs stayed up the pastor's hands, the prayer-meeting drew breath and lived again, and the Sunday-school once more gathered in its own. There was much native musical talent in the vicinity, which, under skilled training and leadership, culminated in a choir scarcely equaled by any in the State. Sacred concerts were given to crowded audiences, and beyond expectation and precedent, the Baptist Society of Canton rode upon the top wave of prosperity and popularity.

In 1837, Mr. Atwell preached the introductory sermon before the Association, and in 1840, he served as Moderator and prepared the circular letter. In 1841 he was one of the Board of managers of the Connecticut

Baptist Sunday-school Society. In 1842 was another revival in Canton, and twenty-one were added to the church. During these five years of work and evident results, evening meetings at school-houses and private houses on the surrounding hills had been regularly appointed and sustained, regardless of wind and weather; funerals were attended, marriages solemnized, schools taught, visited, and encouraged.

This, however, is but an outline of his ministerial work; it is the *filling*, of which only a gleaming thread can here and there be gathered that shows the man.

About the year 1840, the fashion of Fourth of July Sunday-school celebrations became popular in Connecticut. The first one ever held in the town of Canton was by invitation of the Congregational church in Cherry Brook, when Rev. Jairus Burt was pastor, and the succeeding year the Baptist church in "Canton street" entertained a large concourse of people and children in a pleasant maple grove in that village.

During the exercises a slight shower arose, and in the flurry of excitement that it caused, Mr. Atwell said to Mr. Burt,

"We Baptists, you know, are not afraid of water!"

"But you don't believe in 'sprinkling,'" replied Mr. Burt.

"We can accept this," said Mr. A., "it comes from Heaven!"

Upon this occasion, Mr. Atwell made the welcoming address, and alluded to the Temperance question as follows :

"Beware of that strong, blind Sampson, Alcohol! Do you see him between the very pillars of our temple? Are you fond of his sport? His seven locks are hugely grown, let us count them! Rum, gin, brandy, wine, whiskey, cider, ale! Beware lest our Temple of Liberty share the fate of that at Jerusalem, when not one stone was left upon another which was not thrown down. Our efforts, like the Jewish withes and new ropes, have been sundered, and he has triumphantly marched through the land and laid us heaps on heaps."

It was about this time that the attention of Christian people throughout the land was so generally aroused to the evils of Intemperance, and an excellent Christian man, who could not readily yield the associations of a lifetime to the pressure of the moment, came to his pastor and said,

"Elder Atwell, you know that Paul said to Timothy, 'Drink no longer water, but a little wine for your stomach's sake and for your often infirmities.' If that was lawful for Timothy, why is it not lawful for me?"

"Because no inspired apostle tells you to drink it. When that time comes, it will be lawful, but, until then, you had better be a water drinker, like Timothy."

"That is not quite to the point, Mr. Atwell. You have not answered my question."

Said Mr. A., "You are a Christian, are you not?"

"I hope I am," was the reply.

"You think that you have experienced the grace of God in your heart?"

"I think I have."

"Would you be willing to give it all up, and be as if you never had that experience?"

"I never could be willing," was the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Atwell, "*Temperance is to the body just what grace is to the soul.*"

"If that is so, why did Christ make wine at the marriage in Cana of Galilee?"

"To show that the best wine in the world comes out of a water-pot!"

CHAPTER VI.

INCIDENTS.

Mr. Atwell had a happy way of officiating at a wedding ceremony, and especially of disposing of shy, young couples quickly and without undue embarrassment, so that it was popular for such to "go to the minister's and be married," sometimes accompanied by friends and sometimes unattended. As soon as the ceremony was performed, he was in the habit of starting some pleasant conversation, which was calculated to set the parties at ease and at the same time enforce a salutary truth. Once he said to a bridegroom, "Well, sir, you are now a king!"

The man, in some confusion, stared as if asking an explanation, and Mr. Atwell went on: "Solomon says, 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,' and, you know, *it is the crown that makes the king;* but if a king dishonors the crown, he is unworthy the throne. Remember that!"

Upon another occasion, a company of friends came to witness a ceremony, and among them, a young and thoughtless mother, with a boy about four years old. Mr. Atwell was an excellent phrenologist, and passed

his hand over the boy's head. The action caused one of the company to ask, "What do you think of him?"

He made no reply until they were about to leave, when he said to the mother, "Madam, educate that child, or *Satan will!*"

It was not long before the lady called to see him, and said, "Elder Atwell, the remark you made to me the other day set me to thinking, and I have come now to ask you *how* I am to educate my child."

"The boy has violent fits of temper," said Mr. Atwell.

"That is a fact, but how *could* you know it?"

"The more you punish him, the worse he is."

"That is true, and I really dare not punish him. What can I do?"

"The next time he is in a rage, keep yourself entirely composed, for when you lose your balance, it makes him worse. Put cold water on his head, and when he is calm, talk with him and reason with him the best you can."

Many years afterward the incident was recalled to his memory by a greeting from a stranger, who said, "I wish to thank you, Mr. Atwell, for your advice to my mother when I was a small boy. I shall never forget the 'cold water treatment,' and it was my salvation. I am quick-tempered enough now, but the remembrance of it always cools me down!"

Mr. Atwell was preëminently a man of peace, but he

never forgot his manhood. One "Election-day," when every man in the village, except the minister, had gone to the polls, a little girl came running in to say that a tramp had come into their house, and they were greatly frightened. Mr. Atwell immediately went to their aid, and found the fellow insulting the lady in the most coarse and abusive language. He did not wait for ceremony. Seizing a cane, he threw off his black coat with the exclamation, "Lie there, Divinity!" caught the brute by the collar, jerked him into the yard and "thrashed" him until he begged for mercy.

A man once came to him and said, "Elder Atwell, I am having a trial in my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"The Bible says, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' but my next neighbor treats me like an enemy, and he is so aggravating and annoying that I cannot help feeling very hard towards him."

"That man is not your neighbor," was the reply. "The meaning of the word neighbor is 'near-dweller,' and he dwells far from you in his heart."

"But am I required to love him?"

"The law of God and gospel of Christ do not require impossibilities. *I know that man,* and simply to live in peace with him will tax your 'love' as high as you will be able to pay."

Mr. Atwell was once called to a house where a beau-

tiful child lay dying. The mother was in an agony of grief and would not be comforted.

"Oh, Elder Atwell," she cried, "the Bible seems to me a cruel mockery. Why does it say that 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,' when he don't do it! Oh, he don't do it!"

Mr. Atwell said to her, "Did you ever know a dying person to weep? Think now, did you ever hear of such a thing?"

This was a happy diversion of her thoughts, and after a moment's thinking, she replied calmly, "I do not know that I ever did."

"What do you suppose is the reason?" he went on. "Now every person in this house weeps but *one*, and who is that one? Why, it is your darling child! She sheds no tears, for she feels no pang. Christ has wiped away all tears from *her* eyes. You need not fear death for her; she will not know when she dies. She will think she is falling asleep in your arms, only it will be in Christ's arms!"

Mr. Atwell's wonderful power as a comforter naturally attracted many to him for counsel and advice. Said one, "*Why* does God send me so many trials? Can you tell me that?"

"I can," was the reply; "It is that they may pass away. If you had your reward in this world, it would soon be gone. God has placed it in Eternity, so that

you may always have it, and where it will abide; but your *trouble* he puts here, where it will not abide."

An aged lady residing in Canton relates the following reminiscence: "I was confined to my room by a long and tedious illness, and Elder Atwell came daily to see me. He was much opposed to a certain medicine that I was taking, and I never could deceive him, for he always knew when I had taken it. One day, in the course of conversation, I said to him, 'Elder Atwell, would you live your life over again if you could?' He replied, in his usual quick way, 'Would you?' I said, 'I would, if I thought I could live a better one.' 'You would not live a better one,' he replied. 'You would not live so good a one! You would make more mistakes, and be less satisfied than you are now!'"

A young lady came to him for advice. She had received an offer of marriage which she was not inclined to favor, but which parents and friends were strongly urging her to accept.

"I do not know but I am wrong," she said. "I am not much acquainted with him, and I may be prejudiced. You know him and you know me, and do you think we should be congenial companions?"

"It would be like the spider and the bee," said Mr. Atwell. "He would draw poison where you would extract honey."

He sometimes had a quick way of disposing of

"bores" and worthless people. Once, while riding, he was accosted by a stranger with, "Is this Mr. Atwell?"

"That is my name."

"I am a Baptist minister."

"May the Lord have mercy on you, sir! Go on, Chuck!"

He once called at a house where a traveling phrenologist was "examining heads." "This boy," said the man, "is an excellent mathematician."

Mr. Atwell turned to the lad, and said, "Did you ever 'do a sum' in your life?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "I never did and never could!"

A lady friend relates: "Mr. Atwell once said to me, 'You are very sensitive, but no one knows it, and people will always think that *you* ought to do exactly right, and will not make allowances.' That is true, but no one ever knew it before."

Another says: "When I was a young girl, I remember asking Mr. Atwell to tell me something about myself. He answered in this way, 'When you go into a company of young people, would you enjoy yourself at all, if you did not think yourself a *little* better than any one else in the room?' The rebuke went home, for I knew it was true."

CHAPTER VII.

TRIBUTES.

Mr. Atwell perhaps will be longest remembered by the scores of young men who from time to time have come under his influence. Says one, "He made me what I am; if it had not been for him, I *should always have groveled.*"

His mode of teaching was, at that time, considered very peculiar. It was usually objective; stories, bits of history, and even fairy tales made the means of sending home and stamping upon the mind the impression of the thought that he wished to convey. Consequently he made the school-room an attractive place, the more so that his pupils were allowed liberty of thought as well as liberty of action. His controlling power lay in calling out the best things in them and making them see the best things in each other, and out of seeming confusion, he lived to see grand successes cropping out of the lives and histories of the young men in whom he had taken so loving an interest. He never was happier than when he could help them, and at the same time give them innocent and rational enjoyment.

This trait of character was illustrated by a winter's incident which may not be out of place to relate:

When teaching the "select school" in Canton, a lyceum was organized for the benefit of the young men. Its distinguishing feature was "The Bard," who opened the exercises of the evening by reciting an original poem, in which humorous and witty, yet harmless allusions were made to persons present. This was very ingeniously done in the form of puns, by which some pleasantly prominent characteristic of individuals would be delicately, yet so aptly brought out as to call forth roars of laughter, enjoyed most of all by the persons themselves. The "Canton Bard" speedily became famous, and outsiders flocked to see the fun. The audience was usually anticipated, and welcomed with something new and particularly appropriate. The Lyceum was invited to adjoining villages, where the indefatigable "bard" was sure to find material for his racy and sparkling pen, and probably no one enjoyed these scenes more than a certain Baptist minister, whose unique and original brain, behind the scenes, was the motive power of all.

Edwin Gates, Esq., of New York city, sends the following timely and heartfelt tribute:

"Chief among the pleasant recollections and associations of my early manhood that clustered about my memory when I heard of the death of my dear old

pastor, teacher, and friend—the Rev. Geo. B. Atwell—was the remembrance of our acquaintance, friendship, and attachment of forty years ago; for although separated at times by the breadth of a continent, I never ceased to feel the effects of his early training, his advice, his influence, and example; all of which had much to do in forming my character and shaping my course through life. I was a young man "in my teens," wild and thoughtless, without aim or purpose relating to my future, when Providence seemed to have raised up the good man to become, as it were, my second father. We taught in the same building, and our intercourse was daily and constant. To me he was an elder brother, delighting to lift struggling ones above the dusty beaten paths, and to encourage them to a better life, to more expansive ideas, and to a loftier and nobler manhood.

"Sanguine in temperament, buoyant, cheerful, happy, and preëminently companionable in his tastes and disposition, he naturally drew about him the young, and having attached them to himself by those peculiar traits of character, he seemed to especially delight in their happiness and prosperity. His influence over the young men with whom he came in contact was most powerful, and it was always for good. I doubt not that, as in my case, there are many business men, located in nearly every important city, and in every section of the

country, who are proud to remember, with feelings of esteem and gratitude, the tender-hearted and genial man who instilled into their minds the first ambitious thought and aspiration to make for themselves a name and reputation worthy the beloved friend who first inspired in their minds the idea that to each and every one who aimed high there was open a broad field of labor and usefulness in which the most cultivated talent would find room to labor and expand. To the wonderful words of encouragement which so often fell from his lips I owe much, and I shall ever cherish his memory with feelings of respect and reverence, for he was my true and faithful friend.

"Mr. Atwell seemed always to overflow with hope and courage. No one in trouble or laboring under discouragements could come in contact with this man of sympathy and not instinctively feel relieved of a burden of care. His whole life seemed to glow with cheerfulness and good humor, and no one, however despondent and cast down, could go to him and not feel his own hopes revived and his spirit lifted up into a new atmosphere of confidence and restfulness.

"As a neighbor he was kind, gentle, and generous; as a teacher, considerate and faithful, devoted to the best interests of those under his care, solicitous for their advancement, and anxious for their promotion and future prosperity; as a friend, matchless and grand; as an ad-

viser, safe and reliable; self-sacrificing as a Christian, and tender and loving as a pastor. I remember him, too, as a zealous worker in the vineyard of the Master; at the bed-side of the sick and the dying, inspiring courage and administering comfort; at the desolate homes of the bereaved and afflicted, pointing to the mansions enduring as eternity, where sorrowing ones shall find comfort, weary ones rest, and 'all shall be satisfied.'

"A life full of active labor and efforts for the good of humanity within his reach, independent and outspoken in his convictions of right, yet liberal and tolerant towards those differing with him in sentiment, he leaves us, not to mourn *our* loss, but to rejoice in his gain, for 'like a shock of corn fully ripe' he has been garnered to his reward, and to his ears has come the welcome plaudit, '*Well done.*'"

Perfection is not given to man upon earth, yet some can in their measure approximate to the ideal of the Psalmist, when speaking of the perfect man and upright he says, "It is the man of clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul to vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. He that back-biteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor. He that walketh uprightly and speaketh the truth in his heart." Such a man was George B. Atwell. In him the elements of

perfection and uprightness were more strikingly marked and clearly defined than in most men with whom we associate. *Dignity* combined with *humility* sat like a crown upon his brow. Wisdom and simplicity sparkled like jewels in his words of counsel, and sweetened his carriage and intercourse towards all. The blending of the Christian graces that go to make up what is good and true in manhood, in him shone out in all the transparency and innocence of childhood.

"A purer soul I ne'er expect to find; a kinder heart I do not wish to prove." "His words were kindness and his deeds were love; his spirit humble and his life well-spent; these then, and not a stone, shall be his monument."

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER ATWELL.

By Nelson Sizer.

In the year 1844 I formed a pretty intimate acquaintance with Father Atwell, as he was affectionately called by a large portion of the people in the parish where I lived, Avon, Connecticut. We were brought together by the fact that Rev. Niles Whiting, pastor of the Baptist church of Avon, was my brother-in-law, and Mr. Atwell often called to visit Mr. Whiting, and frequently exchanged with him.

As a preacher, he had many striking peculiarities; his discourses were always rich in thought, full of

proverbs, epigrams, quaint, yet sensible conceits, with not a particle of chaff. He had also a startling, blunt, and direct yet kindly way of putting things, so that they never could be forgotten.

Everybody seemed to think that he could be approached on any subject, and no one expected to be snubbed, or roughly answered. Children confidently thought that he would right their wrongs, that he could unravel any trouble and explain any mystery; and perhaps it may also be said that well grown people entertained similar opinions of him.

When there was a quarrel between members of a church, and one party complained to him and stated their grievances and the other party's faults, and were waiting for his reply, he would perhaps suddenly say, "Brother, you have not told me anything *good* of him; has he no excellences? is he altogether bad? if he is, he is unsafe to be running at large."

This would generally raise a laugh, during which Father Atwell would say, "We all need Christ's pardoning mercy and the patient forbearance of brethren, and you and I must begin to do right and set a good example to our weak and erring brethren, and perhaps they will take the hint and do better in future."

By this time, the complaining brother would see that Father Atwell was in no mood for taking up the cudgel, and the subject would be given up and forgotten.

Thus he would neither quarrel nor suffer anybody else to quarrel. He was a peacemaker, and no one a second time would try to rope him into a quarrel. His very approach awakened a feeling of kindness in every one, whether he were Christian or infidel.

He had a large brain; and as he moved among men he seemed to be their master, a kind of elder brother, an adviser, a wise monitor who knew all they knew and something more. When he spoke, strong thinkers listened; he not only had strong reasoning and philosophic faculties, but he was a wonderful observer; nothing large or little escaped his attention or criticism. The great wideness of the upper part of his forehead indicated wit and taste,—he was brim full of wit; every solid thought sparkled and glowed with wit and poetry, and he took the good natured side of all topics, and probably never gave offence to a human being. Yet he had a wonderfully clear and direct way of showing to a person his defects, and the duty of reformation.

His large benevolence led him to pity ignorance, weakness, and sin, and to shape his words and conduct so as to do good to each man he met. His base of brain, especially about the ears, was relatively small, hence he was not combative and vindictive, nor did he ever attempt to carry a cause by storm: he had cautiousness and secretiveness enough to avoid danger, and to evade any thing or subject which could not be

discussed safely and profitably to himself and others. He was sensitive to the good opinion of his friends,—enemies he had none; he was strong in his attachments, and awakened friendly regards so easily that he seemed never to *try* to please.

Though his brain was large and his body only of medium size, he so carried himself with equanimity as not to waste his strength by useless excitement or excessive work, mentally or physically. One physiological fact was so marked in him that it is worth noting here. The action of his heart and the circulation of his blood were so unusually equable, that he had no rush of blood to the brain, and no congestion of blood in any part of the system, and therefore no blind impulse to rage when provoked. This "balance wheel" of his constitution, the heart, moved uniformly, and hence the ease with which he controlled himself and others, and herein we find a reason for his long life, and the happy harmony of his mental states, and the holding out of his faculties so long.

Rest thee, venerable friend, in the fragrance of a pure and noble life! Thy memory shall be fresh and sacred to all who knew thee, and they will expect thy welcome on the brighter side of Jordan.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

In the year 1846, Mr. Atwell resigned his charge in Canton, and accepted a call to Pleasant Valley. He was pastor of the Baptist church in that village for the space of twelve years, and there made it his home for the remainder of his days.

The score and half of years in Canton and Pleasant Valley were probably the most active and busy of his long life. He always ignored "vacations," and so rarely failed the fulfillment of any engagement to speak or preach, that, during a ministry of fifty years, we do not know that he missed a Sabbath. Funerals he attended far and near, for, as plants turn toward the sun, so did sorrowing hearts instinctively reach out to him for consolation. He took an active interest in schools, and at one time was given sole charge of all the public schools in town, acting as examining committee and school visitor, and performing the duties alone and unaided. This to him was recreation. He delighted in children, and loved schools because children were in them, and why the children loved him is

fitly told, in better words than ours, by one who knew him:

"With Elder Atwell in 1846 came a new and brighter life to the children in Pleasant Valley. He won the parents by winning the little ones, and the *youth* by his spontaneous delight in all innocent pleasures. As he rode over the hills, he rarely passed a schoolhouse, and every face beamed and every eye was his as he spoke, for his questions always waked us up and drew out the best in us, and his words of counsel never seemed abstract, for they came as an object lesson, and we could take it in.

"I hear him say, 'Come, children, want a ride?' while a full load and merry freighted the little buggy with all speed, and then, 'Come, Chuck, away with you!' and the gray pony flew down the hills, glad as his master, and when he dropped us at home, somehow there dropped into our hearts a sense that the minister's Saviour must be ours too.

"His home, with its atmosphere of culture, beyond other homes there, was a center where the young felt themselves built up in better things, and his 'You can do this,' another 'You can do that,' acted as tonic when we were all doubt and perplexity.

"As we went out into life and sought to lift others, more and more have we appreciated his work in Pleasant Valley. And better than all the active service, has

been the saintly spirit shown in latter years, in the face of disappointing changes and conflicting forces. 'He strengthened the things that remained that were ready to die;' stood by broken ranks and cheered and counseled until the great command came, 'Come up higher.' I rejoice that he lies by river and hills that he loved so well, among the people where his name is a household name, uttered softly, 'as one whom God hath taken.'

"In loving memory,

"Mrs. S. H. Lee."

A few lines from a private letter, written with no thought of publication, adds another to the "testimony of the children."

"I have among my treasures a copy-book, the copies written in a style peculiar to himself, in rhymes, notes of invitation, enigmas, and wise sayings. I would not part with it, for it is to me a sacred memento, as indeed all the remembrances of the dear old man from my early childhood *are* sacred. How well I remember his coming into my sick room, when I was but a child, and while I was moaning with pain, he would take me in his strong arms and carry me around the room, telling me fairy tales as none but he knew how so well, until all pain was charmed away. This was often repeated until I was well again. Then in his study, where we met, a few of us, girls and boys, day after day, as stu-

dents, and listened to his wise sayings, which were far more pleasant and longer remembered than what we learned from our books."

The first "select school" taught in Pleasant Valley was by Mr. Atwell, in the winter of 1846–7. A school-room was improvised in one end of a carriage-shop, a single desk ran from side to side, upon which books and slates must needs be common property, and each pupil brought a chair. It was a delightful little winter world to the bright-eyed company of boys and girls that gathered there, like members of a happy family. The exercises of the day would often close with "Questions in Moral Philosophy," calculated to arouse busy thinking, the answers to bring out traits of character, by which they might learn to know the best things in each other. Sometimes a group would gather around him, while he would say to one, perhaps, "*Your* strength lies in your tastes;" to another, "*Yours* lies in your sympathies;" and to another, "*It is in you to accomplish what you wish*," supplementing each by a word or two of incentive towards some possibility in the future.

During the revival in Pleasant Valley, in the winter of 1847–8, twelve young people were among the accessions to the Baptist church.

One beautiful home association of our childhood is the morning Bible readings. His acquaintance with

the Bible had been lifelong and intimate, yet he opened it each day with the fresh delight of a seeker of precious jewels. "Such as he had gave he us." Keenly alive to its spiritual meaning, and reading in course, as was his habit, the path through the sacred Book was illuminated for his children by their father's words of wisdom. Common to us as daily food, we could not know all their preciousness until they were gone. We knew no morbid fears in reference to religion. The home atmosphere was that of trust in Providence, and that principle was the mainspring of daily action. Troubles and perplexities were often present, but they seemed to bring with them the sunshine and serenity of an almost perfect faith. His prayers in the family were like confidential talks with a beloved and honored father, who became nearer and dearer, in proportion to the need.

Never to be forgotten are the sorrowful days that followed the death of the wife and mother. Morning prayer was the altar on which the heart-aches were laid, and from which was derived sustaining comfort for the day. One morning, the chapter read was the third of Titus, in which occurs the passage, "To the pure all things are pure."

"That," said he, "is not well understood. It means *this*. The altar sanctifies the gift. When God lays His hand upon us and takes away our enjoyments and

gives us afflictions and trouble, a pure heart will purify the trouble, sanctify these afflictions, and improve the pain. Why, dear ——, every sorrow has a meaning, and there is a design in every trouble. Mother went home in the best way and the best time. It has cut a cord that bound us to earth, but remember, dear ——, that every loss is gain, and every present pain the parent of future pleasure. If I did not believe this, I should not wish to live."

Once upon reading the 11th chapter of Hebrews, the talk turned upon faith. His manner and words seemed, at the time, so like inspiration, that to preserve them from oblivion, they were written down on the spot. As we stood around his dying bed, they came vividly to remembrance, and yearning hearts longed to know what his experiences were.

"Faith," said he, "is strongest in death, because then flesh is weakest. The body lies weak and pale, the tide of life is ebbing fast. The windows of the dying man's soul are darkened, the King of Terrors has drawn a film over his vision. His friends, as they surround his bed, are but dimly seen; their words to him are indistinct and confused. His wandering senses and fainting spirit are quitting their last hold, and while darkness curtains around his eyes and the lamp of life receives the last rude blast, all that he has seen in faith now appears in form and fact. Now his faith

is lost in sight. The chart and compass he needs no more. He has passed the tempestuous sea, and by them has escaped the quicksands, rocks, and shoals of his dangerous way. Faith is like the scaffolding of a house, needful no longer than the building is being erected. It leads and supports its possessor, nor forsakes him until it points out the Author and Finisher of his faith.

"*So Faith ends in sight.* Let the dead bury their dead, but come thou to the mansions of the blest!"

It was in daily life and conversation that Mr. Atwell won the title of the "old man eloquent." His studied thoughts were rarely so effective as those that came to him on the spur of the moment, and fell from his lips, rounded and complete, like a dropped pearl. Here is a gem, the setting of which is lost and forgotten, but the jewel still sparkles:

"We have physicians for our bodies and ministers for our souls, but the nervous system that lies half way between, and partakes of the nature of both, no one has been raised up to cure that."

He always kept open house and was rarely without the pleasure of entertaining a brother minister, when the hour of morning prayer would often extend into half a forenoon of Bible talk. Once he opened the Bible with the remark,

"Well, Brother ——, I read in course in my family,

and to-day begins again at Genesis. Every time I finish the Bible I think I may not live to read it through again. It is a two-leaved door, the Old Testament and the New, that God has opened to us, as He opened to Cyrus the two-leaved gate which was a key to the empires of the world."

After reading the first, second, and third chapters, he closed the Book.

"Now Brother ——, why did God close the Gate of Paradise against Adam? Was it for nothing but punishment?"

"I would like to know your idea of that, Father Atwell," was the reply.

"It was to open the gate of repentance, which still stands open, and we are not only invited in, but guided and led. What do we find on entering? *Everything that we have lost, and more!*"

One morning, the text was read, "of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities." "What *are* infirmities?" he asked.

"Something not over desirable," was replied.

"Desirable? They are messengers from the upper world to invite us there. We should receive and treat them well, for they are God's ambassadors, and clothed with high authority. What we call troubles, are only our wishes crossed by God's will and wisdom, and *in reality they are blessings!*"

"A straw shows which way the wind blows;" and a homely and not unfriendly remark made of Mr. Atwell, "He was a Baptist, but he worked for Methodists and Congregationalists as well as for Baptists," is a testimony to the liberal and catholic spirit for which he was distinguished. Intelligently and conscientiously a Baptist, and held in veneration by ministerial brethren and members of his own church, his views on different beliefs and forms of religious faith were broad enough to give every one their due, therefore he counted among his friends, members and clergymen of all denominations. Could all the friendly and spicy discussions upon different points of doctrine be gathered together, an entertaining record might be presented. Here is a specimen, only a part of which remains, an incident of childhood, yet engraved upon memory in enduring lines.

"I don't object to your baptism, but I do to your close communion. If you could bring a single passage to prove that, who knows but I might be a Baptist?"

"'*When thou prayest enter into thy closet and when thou hast* SHUT THE DOOR,' etc. Is not that close communion?"

"I hold to 'close communion' with God."

"You hold to 'close communion' with the *Head*; I extend it to the body," etc.

It is told of Mr. Atwell, that when a lawsuit involv-

ing serious consequences was threatened between New Hartford and Pleasant Valley, he threw himself into the gap, and by personal efforts and appeals, and the influence and force of his character, he effected a reconciliation, and succeeded in warding off the impending calamity.

His *universality* sometimes led a certain class of people to misunderstand his character and motives. He was once bluntly accosted in a public place, "Elder Atwell, I don't like you! You agree too much with everybody, and I don't like you!"

The characteristic reply was, "I don't blame you at all. I've known George B. Atwell a great many years, and I never liked him very well myself!"

This might seem like a quaint and amusing diversion of the subject, nevertheless it was truest expression of self. He was naturally sensitive, and the tendency of his mind was towards self-depreciation. He was always deeply conscious of obligation for any favor received, yet one of his peculiarities was that the acknowledgment of such usually came afterward, and in some odd and unexpected way.

Once upon the occasion of a "donation party" at his house, which was the social event of the season for miles around, his note of thanks appeared in the *Christian Secretary* in the form of

A SERMON.

Text. Be at peace with poverty and not afraid of penury.

Introduction. The *want* of money is not the root of all evil. "Money makes the mare," and sometimes the minister, "go;" albeit, some are compelled to go for want of it, and some go without it. In the Jewish church, there were buyers and sellers. In the gospel church, Iscariot offered to sell, and Magus wished to buy. In the former, they were scourged out with cords; in the latter, one went out by a *single* cord.

Notice the terms used in the text.

1st, *Peace.* The peace given by Jesus is worth more than the thirty pieces given to Judas. Judas gained thirty pieces, but lost his own. He was not at peace with poverty; fearful of penury, he died in infamy.

2d, *Poverty.* When ministers are poorer than their Master, when laborers are more indigent than their Lord, when preachers have less silver and gold than Peter, and pastors suffer more loss than Paul, then may they break peace with poverty, and to escape penury, embrace popery.

3d, *Penury.* Penury points to providence and its provisions, viz., the widow's mites, and Jonah's gourd, and Peter's gold-fish. One widow in penury received a prophet in the name of a prophet, and received a

prophet's reward. What the other did, she did with all her *mite*. Peter's tax was crossed by what God gave, and Jonah's temper by what he took away.

Doctrine. He that is patient in poverty is prudent in plenty. The application of the subject is a

DONATION VISIT.

When the old year '52 went out, and the new year '53 came in, poverty went out with the old, and plenty came in with the new. What! know ye not that there is poetry in poverty? Friends came unto us, not weary, but heavy-laden. One hundred and seventy persons sat down to a Board of Relief, and the board could have relieved as many more. What though they have made me their debtor, they have likewise made the banks mine; for should banks of earth cave in, and their paper and promise fail, *Providence Bank* is good, and yields to the stockholders a dividend of thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold.

☞ He that is at peace with poverty can be at peace with the people.

GEORGE B. ATWELL,

PLEASANT VALLEY, January 3, 1853.

Mr. Atwell was in the habit of contributing, from time to time, short articles to the *Christian Secretary*. The following is the only one that, written at about this time, was preserved by himself:

"THE TRUE SABBATH.

"On the seventh day God rested, and the Sabbath was perpetuated. It was incorporated into the Jewish code, and its observance binding on the Israelites by positive precept; and morally on all mankind.

"Still, 'twas a *shadow*. A shadow, cast from the body of Christ. 'Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days; which are a shadow of things to come; but the *body* is of Christ.'—Col. ii, 16 and 17.

"When Christ came in the body, shadows gave place to substance. The law and the prophets travelled until they met John; then their lesser was lost in his greater light. John met Jesus, and as the day star declines before the sun, John began to decrease; had a cubit taken from his stature, and the *Voice* gave way to the *Word*. The Word was God, and He was Lord of the Sabbath day. *Id est*, author of, and had power over it.

"When God finished His work He rested on the seventh day. When Christ said 'It is finished,' on the eve of the Sabbath, He rested from His work on the Sabbath day, and His rest was glorious. When He was buried, the old Jewish Sabbath was buried with Him. The old covenant of sacrifices and Sabbaths had waxed old, were ready to die, and vanished

away. The day the Saviour lay under the power of death was not a day of rest to His weeping church. A Sabbath without a Saviour, like a body without a soul, is dead. The *Redeemer* arose on the first day of the week—*Lord's day.* Abraham desired to see that day; he saw it when Isaac arose from the altar of death, and *was glad.* His true sons and daughters were glad when they saw their risen Lord. 'This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be *glad* in it.' This is the Lord's day, and it bears his image and superscription. A. B. G."

CHAPTER IX.

UTTERANCES.

At an ordination, where Mr. Atwell was appointed to deliver the "charge to the candidate," he spoke as follows:

"A bishop must be blameless, though blamed. Clad in white, yet called to walk among pots and kettles, he must take heed to keep his garments unspotted, for a black spot, though it may not be seen on black, is always noticed on white. Take heed, therefore, to make and leave a mark *on* the world, and as good heed not to receive and retain a mark *from* the world. Take heed against a desire for popular applause and places. It is difficult to stand on a high place, and dangerous to fall. We never find the great High Priest of our profession on the pinnacle of the temple but once. *Who took Him there?* What were His views on an exceeding high mountain? The kingdoms of this world; but *what was His company* on these high places? Mountains and lofty rocks may be places for goats, but the valleys contain the green pastures and still waters, where a shepherd should lead, not drive,

his flock. A minister should not rise higher than the cross can raise him."

While spending a few days in New York city, he chanced to stray into a small chapel, thinking to find a week-day prayer-meeting. It proved to be a Bible class of middle-aged men, and "the stranger" was invited to join. He did so, and a question was immediately put to him, "What is the design of Prayer?"

He arose and replied, "To keep up the correspondence between Heaven and Earth. We have an order on the Bank of Heaven; it reads in this way, *Ask, and ye shall receive.* Prayer takes this order to the Bank. 'Tis a bank that always discounts. From it Peter drew a fish, a gold-fish with money in its mouth; money for the demand, and the fish for dinner. From this bank one widow drew meal, another oil, and another a life insurance for her son. This bank is always open, and its President sits over against the treasury."

The following is from a private letter:

"My fare may fail, my faith *never.* You'll find my bank will never be bankrupt; 'tis a bank no flood can overflow, no earthquake cave it in. All I have is invested in this bank. To gain access to it I need a *check;* a check to avarice and pride. Would you know where this bank is? *Seek and ye shall find.*"

A fragment found among his writings seems worth preserving: "Christ intended to stamp importance

upon the last act of his life, and to fulfill every jot and tittle of the law he must eat the passover. He sent two of his disciples and saith unto them, 'Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water; follow him, and he shall lead you into an upper chamber.' Suppose it had been a *pitcher of rum*, would Christ have commanded them to follow him? No, he would have led them into a low cellar, but the cold water man led them *upward*."

The following were gathered up as they were let fall, without the connection in which they were spoken:

"The way to treat slanderers is to let them alone, as mud upon your garments should be let alone. Mordecai let Haman alone, and he finished the gallows unmolested. Haman intended to rise by Mordecai's fall, and he *did* rise, but it was fifty cubits higher than he expected!"

"A falling star cannot abide the rising sun."

"Christ can cast an evil spirit out of a man, but an evil spirit cannot cast out Christ."

"All Christ's miracles were mercies."

"We must die in order to be deathless."

"We learn to *do duty* from the law; we learn to *love duty* from the gospel."

"Before conversion our heart is our worse part; after conversion it is the best."

"If you cannot remove a mountain by faith, *mount*

above it by faith's wings. If you cannot fly, then bear it with patience. Patience can bear what faith cannot remove. Patience can do us more good than all the trouble in the world can do us harm."

"It is easier to resist one temptation than to gratify all that follow."

"The death of the body is death to our sins, but life to our grace."

"Man may suffer and not sin, but cannot sin and not suffer."

"Self is another name for sin; love is another name for God. God is love and Satan is self."

"Conscience is light, not love; it wounds, but never cures. It troubles us on account of sin, but so far from cleansing, that it needs cleansing itself."

"Make man right and all things are rectified."

"The worst men are not in Newgate, and the best not in the pulpit; the wisest not in Congress, and the most insane not in the Retreat."

"It is a great thing to act right when you feel wrong."

"Weeping is good for the heart, and laughter is good for the liver. Man is the only being endowed with the power of laughter, and the only being that deserves to be laughed at."

"When you are wrong turn right about and you will be about right."

"Let a man in the zenith of prosperity remember that when the moon is full it grows no larger, and when the clock strikes twelve it does not strike thirteen next."

"That which will break a proud man's heart, will not disturb a humble man's sleep."

"A wrong opinion is worse than none. To believe a falsehood is the worst kind of unbelief. He that is led by a blind guide is more exposed to the ditch than he who has no feet."

"When you know not what to do, never do you know not what."

CHAPTER X.

PEARLS.

In the intervals of pastoral duty in Pleasant Valley, Mr. Atwell found time to write a series of original fables, a few of which have been published. He intended a book, the material for which was never completed, but whose design came so near maturity as to take to itself a title and a preface:

PEARLS FOR THE POOR,
CONTAINED IN PROVERBS AND PARABLES,
IN WHICH
FACT IS DRAWN FROM FABLE.

PREFACE.

Why do I speak in parables? Because men will listen to birds and beasts when they would not hear a bishop, and like better to hear a parrot talk than a parson preach.

The barking of a dog once saved the infant colonies, and the gabbling of a goose prevented Rome from being sacked and burned. The crowing of a cock brought Peter to penitence. A prophet was reproved by the

mouth of an ass, and a thousand men were slain by its jaw. Solomon sent sluggards to the ant, Sampson took honey from a lion, and Peter drew funds from a fish.

The Great Teacher taught His followers to notice the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, and from them learn the doctrine of providence. In the Bible beasts and brambles talk, nor is the serpent dumb in the volume of inspiration. Job said, "*Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee, and the fowls of the air and they shall tell thee.*"

Go then into the pages and among the leaves of this book and listen to the conversation of the beasts and birds; your Heavenly Father gave them their nature, your earthly father gave them their names.

Be not sad nor sorrowful when you read, nor sour when you search, for vinegar, it is said, will dissolve pearls.

THE ALPHABET.

A sedition disturbed the republic of letters. The consonants accused the vowels of aristocracy and monopoly, although they were a minority. At a meeting, President *A* remarked that "a confusion of tongues proved disastrous to Babel, and a discord among letters would work mischief among Bibles. If we go according to *Walker*," he continued, "we shall walk together and be agreed, and our great patron *Webster* is not a disunionist."

H took the floor and said "I claim equality, and raise my voice against partiality. You, sir, who sit in that chair, have five sounds ; but I, who have a strong inward impulse and *aspiration*, am allowed no sound ; no, not even in *honor* can I be heard."

T arose. Addressing the chair, he said, "I demand, sir, by what authority you are placed at the head, and who gave you this authority? I complain of crosses ; I am always crossed, and the cross I am compelled to bear."

Z next stood up, but from his voice you could not distinguish him from *S*. He stated as the ground of his complaint that he was trampled under foot, that they were all above him, that he was placed next to *ampersand*, and could not rise above zero.

S, sour and sad, made a very crooked speech.

X looked very cross and spoke *Xtempore*.

The mutes, hitherto regarded as deaf and dumb, for the first time uttered their voice ; they suggested the removal and banishment of all capital letters, as large capitalists were dangerous in a republic.

The liquids, unstable as water, expressed no opinion, and the semi-vowels remained on the fence.

Q questioned, queried, quibbled, and quarreled.

The consonants were clamorous for disunion, and the house divided, the consonants on one side and the vowels on the other. *W* and *Y* did not leave their

places, and both parties claimed them. The consonants, knowing their numbers, called upon *P* to poll the votes. *S* was chosen speaker, but could not speak a word without a vowel. The vowels could utter a sound but not a syllable without a consonant. The consonants now were virtually silent letters, and the vowels mutes.

Y wisely spoke and said, "'The end of folly is the beginning of wisdom,' and as *W* is first in wisdom, let him mediate between the contending parties."

W stood midway between the vowels and consonants and said, "Brothers, although I am a double letter, I shall not speak with a double tongue. I've an equal interest in you both, for when I begin a syllable I am a consonant, and everywhere else I am a vowel. Divided you cannot stand, you cannot speak, neither can you spell. Though bound to spell, you are now spell bound. Come together in UNION. See, it begins with a vowel and is finished with a consonant, and by taking either from it, it is spoiled. You preserve it as long as you keep together; you destroy it when you separate. Division is destruction, and when you dissolve your UNION you ensure your own dissolution; for in *compact* and *constitution* vowels and consonants are blended and united."

The letters voted to dissolve the meeting, but *not* the union.

Moral.

The dissolution of States in a federal compact is commonly a suicidal act. The sword of sedition separates soul and spirit, and divides the joints and marrow of a republic.

Men, by observing the characters drawn in the foregoing fable, may learn something of their own.

THE SHORT MAN AND LONG SHADOW.

A certain dwarf named *John* was in feeling above, but in fact below, the ordinary height, and he was much chagrined to see common people head and shoulders above him. Unable by taking thought to add a cubit to his stature, or to make others a cubit less, he was chafed at his low standing, and vexed at being called *Demi John.*

Arising very early one morning, he noticed that his body cast a long shadow. He was rejoiced at the sight, and said, "Can a short body reflect a long shadow? Is not a shadow true to its substance, as a mirror gives the exact image of a substantial form? But," he continued, "I will see if the setting sun confirms what its rising has assured me, THAT I AM A TALL MAN."

The sun decreased, but our pigmy had increased. As the sun went down, he placed himself in the range

of his last rays, and was delighted to see his shadow measure the full length of his desire. The shadow observing his exultation, said to him,

"You have made your observation, and have come to your conclusion with *your back to the sun*. The morning of youth and the evening of age are improper seasons to judge correctly of ourselves, and if you would measure yourself by your shadow, I advise you to make the experiment at *noon*."

Moral.

Great shadows are not proof of great men.

THE SWORD AND PLOUGH.

"Our fields of labor are very different," said the sword to the plough. "Mine is a field of glory, and yours of ground."

"Mine is a field of bread, and yours of blood," answered the plough.

"I am not surprised," added the sword, "that any man putting his hand to you should look back rather than look on so unsightly a thing."

"If men put their hands to you, they will perish by you," returned the plough.

"I was set to guard the tree of life," quoth the sword.

"And found to be unto death," retorted the plough.

"The old serpent crawls *on* the ground, and you

creep *below it*," said the sword. "You cut what God hath cursed,—the ground."

"I *cure* what is cursed," replied the plough, "while you are a curse to what is cured."

"I am for Fame!" exclaimed the sword.

"No, you are for Famine," answered the plough, "and you have been ordered back to your sheath by the highest authority." Matt. xxvi. 52.

The sword reddened with rage, as often heretofore, when the point said to the hilt, "We are beaten by a ploughshare, and the time cometh when we shall be beaten into one."

Moral.

Men prefer the field of carnage to the field of herbage, and decorate the sword with gold, silver, and precious stones; but rectify men's hearts, and they will sheathe the sword with Washington and take the plow with Cincinnatus.

THE MEN AND THE GRAPES.

Two hunters, having had hunters' luck, were in need of something to eat. Espying some grapes which hung beyond their reach, they were perplexed how to obtain them. At length they hit upon the following expedient: the heavier man of the two stood under the vine, and the lighter, by mounting and standing upon

the shoulders of his comrade, could reach and secure them.

The elevated man could now reach what he never could by his own height. Having secured the fruit, he refused a share to him whose shoulders had borne him, but claimed the whole because he had gathered the whole. They parted, one had the grapes and the other had nothing.

A crow, perched upon a tree hard by, croaked, "You have lost both friend and fruit."

"Yes," answered the man, "I could bear his weight better than his ingratitude."

"Well," replied the crow, "from this your trial you may draw the following

Moral:

He that holds another upon his shoulders may expect to be trodden down by him; for the one thus upheld can see farther and reach higher than he who bears him.

THE SEASONS.

The seasons concluded to unite their influence and combine their temperature so as to soften the rigors of winter and allay the heat of summer. To establish and maintain a uniformity, it was suggested that old Mr. December should wed the blooming Madam May, as there should be a union of months in order to blend

the seasons. Her ladyship, having been assured that he could not live over a month, consented to an interview.

The old gentleman, bold as he was bald, threw on his mantle of snow, and bidding his faithful servant, North Wind, to back him up, took his icicle cane, sparkling with diamonds, and commenced a matrimonial tour. "My long evenings will be favorable to such a negotiation," thought he.

He found Madam May reclining on a grassy bank, clad in a green robe, and holding in her hand a half-opened rose. On his approach she was a little disturbed on seeing him attended by his two sons, *Jack Frost* and *Snow-ball.* As a preliminary, and to ensure his own success, he offered his eldest son, *Jack Frost*, to her daughter, *Mary Gold.* He likewise proposed his other son, *Snow-ball*, to her second daughter, *Snow-drop.* Rose, her third daughter, blushed a little, but envied not her sisters their lovers.

Here they were interrupted by Officer *Leap Year*, who held an office once in four years. He informed them that the whole proceeding was illegal, and read the law: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, *cold and heat, Summer and Winter*, day and night, shall not cease." He remarked that such marriages were never made in Heaven, and could not be ratified on earth; they would be unequally yoked.

But Madam May caught a terrible cold from the old gentleman, and has been subject to chills ever since, while he imbibed so much of her mild temperature that the rosemary has been known to bloom in his breath.

THE ICE AND THE SNOW.

"You are as white as a sheet," said the ice to the snow; "and you are falling; are you faint?"

"My fall is noiseless, as my flakes are harmless," replied the snow.

"I think you lack firmness," rejoined the ice; "and more solidity of character would render you less the sport of wintry winds."

"We have more to fear from the sun than from the wind," responded the snow.

"Indeed," replied the ice, "I should pity your weakness on the approach of such a foe."

"I shall commend myself to his mercy by my whiteness and purity," meekly returned the snow.

"I shall resist his power by my hardness and firmness," observed the ice.

The sun now poured his rays upon our two *cold* friends. The snow began to weep and the ice to melt.

"Where is your whiteness and purity now?" asked the dissolving ice.

"And where your hardness and firmness?" inquired the snow.

"We are returning to water whence we came, as man returns to dust," said the ice.

"'Tis not death, but change," observed the snow.

"By this change we are becoming one," responded the ice.

"And seeking the lowest place," replied the snow.

"We can now ascend to Heaven," said the ice; "whereas we never could while I retained my boasted hardness and you your vaunted firmness."

Moral.

On this side of the grave we regard Death as an enemy, and dread his approach. Death destroys not the man, but his dependence on himself, as the sun did not annihilate, only change, the snow and the ice.

Firmness and strength cannot resist, nor innocence and beauty bribe Death.

THE FIRE AND THE WATER.

A fire, breaking out in the woods, raged with great fury. In its random course and unchecked violence it spared neither trees nor fences. It threatened distant buildings and laughed at insurance offices. Beasts, and even men, feared its power and fled at its approach.

Following the direction of the wind, it shaped its course towards a river. It sent its deputy, the smoke, to inform the stream that its march lay directly through

his province, and that he could have his choice of three things: First, To quit his channel and leave it entirely dry, or, Second, To pay a tribute equal to the value of his fish, or, Third, Be burned up.

The river sent back the truce with the answer, "that as fire and water had never been known to agree, it would be impossible for him to agree to his proposition."

Enraged at this response, the fire seized the high grasses and flags which grew near the stream, and, roaring and crackling, demanded of the river immediate submission and surrender of all his boats, bridges, fish, and fowl.

The river replied, "I have two BANKS; come to them, and you shall receive a *check* for all you demand of me."

So saying, the river went on, while the fire went—out.

Moral.

Many men boast and threaten, but never accomplish.

Water always seeks the lowest place; fire seeks the highest. We have both in our organism, and we need both in our baptism.

THE BELL.

A church bell, proud of its eminence, dealt more in sound than sense. Seeing Christian people, and even

the parson, obedient to its call, it was *puffed up*, as well as raised up. It soliloquized as follows:

"My elevation is above pulpit and priest. I am useful both to the living and the dead; I ring for the one and toll for the other. That was a vile saying of the fox, that I have more mouth than brains, more tongue than talent; but earthly-minded animals know nothing of the regions of the air where I dwell. I think I will open a correspondence with the sun; he is highest in the heavens, as I am highest on the earth. The world looks to him for heat, and to me for hearing. I heard the choir sing last Sabbath, and, if I recollect right, one line ran thus: '*My tongue the glory of my frame.*' If backbiters and flatterers can say this of tongues, with more propriety I can say it of mine, which never told a lie. A tongue like mine, free from guile and void of slander, should be heard and *shall* be heard."

The clapper now struck with such violence that it cracked the bell. It was lowered to the ground, and a jury of inquest brought in a verdict, "*Ruined and rendered useless by its own tongue.*"

The epitaph of the old bell was the following

Moral.

Here lies one who called others to church, but never went himself.

THE SHEEP AND THE SHEARS.

"I had rather you would flee like a hireling than take my robe like a robber," said the sheep to the shears.

"I take what burdens you and benefits others," returned the shears.

"If I had *two* coats I would willingly give you one," said the sheep.

"You will be oppressed with your old coat and blessed with a new one," was the reply.

"Is not this fleece, which warms my flesh, a blessing?"

"The blessing is in *giving*, not *keeping* your fleece."

"Winter without wool among sheep, like winter without wood among men, is dreadful," exclaimed the sheep.

"The summer's growth shall succeed the spring's gift," quoth the shears, as he finished the work. The sheep gave the wool. Summer came and the disburdened sheep had plenty of warmth. Winter came and a warmer and finer fleece succeeded the old.

Moral.

What is given in charity never tends to poverty, and what is laid *out* in giving is laid *up* in heaven.

THE NINE DIGITS.

The four ground rules of Arithmetic met for discussion and debate as to the legality of "carrying one to every ten."

Notation addressed the meeting and said that he was unable to see the consistency of carrying one to each ten. "What!" he exclaimed, "if I owe a man ten dollars must I pay eleven?"

Numeration replied that "as we increase and decrease in tenfold proportion, *not* to carry to every ten would destroy the principle of decimal arithmetic."

Addition said that when he "added a column of figures he always carried ten to the ten's place."

Subtraction stated that he was "often compelled to borrow ten, but always paid it;" and Multiplication remarked, "There are but nine significant figures. Ten cannot be expressed by a single figure, therefore we *must* carry one to make ten."

× being in the service of Multiplication was present at the meeting, and requested a hearing on the ground of being a representative of ten by a single character.

"Uncross your legs and leave the room," said the moderator; "the members of this meeting are figures, not letters or signs."

Division observed that in his operations ten was of little use, and it was often cut off instead of being carried.

Fractions, being present as spectators, made some broken as well as vulgar and improper remarks.

Nine, who despised Nought, now suggested to the meeting that Nought was a character of no value, that he represented nothing, and ought to be expelled.

Nought, seeing himself in danger, brought forward a resolution, recommending the ancient practice of *casting out the nines.*

Nine, proud of being the highest number, and knowing that if Nought and Unit should unite that he would be out-numbered, with much contempt said to Nought, "Pray, Mr. Nought, consider *what* you are,—*Nothing!* and *who* you are, separated from your left-hand figure!"

"And what are *you*, Mr. Nine," responded Nought, "when separated from your tail?"

Moral.

Some men owe all their importance to their property; others all their consequence to their titles. Others again are indebted for their popularity to the aid of influential friends. Without these, like the shorn Sampson, they become like other men, or, like nine without a tail, as in the fable, are not above the lowest.

THE CANDLE AND THE SNUFFERS.

One evening, a hundred years ago, a lighted candle and a pair of snuffers were left alone together upon the kitchen table.

"You are a great snuff-taker," quoth the candle.

"For your benefit, not my own," replied the snuffers; "you are indebted to me for much of your brightness."

"All you have you receive from me," said the candle.

"'Tis no virtue to give away what is worthless," retorted the snuffers.

"I glory not in giving *snuff*, but in giving light," responded the candle. "I am a burning and shining light; my light is shining before men and for their good; I give my body to be burned, and for their and your benefit I am burning up."

"No," replied the snuffers, "you are burning *down*."

The candle reddened and flared a little, but still insisted with a good deal of warmth that it was burning *up*. "To convince you," it exclaimed, "see my blaze!"

"The longer you stand the shorter you grow," retorted the snuffers; "which proves that you are burning *down*."

The two disputants now referred the question to the candle-stick to decide whether the candle was burning up or down. The candle-stick, who held the light on the subject, said it was neither burning *up* nor *down*, but burning *out*. While he was yet speaking, the candle went out.

"There," said the umpire, "I conclude that you will yield to my decision."

"I care not," said the snuffers, "whether it went *up*,

or *down*, or *out;* it is enough for me that I survive my opponent."

Moral.

A violent partizan is satisfied with the death of his rival; and most disputes among mankind are as trifling in their nature as the debate between the candle and the snuffers.

THE BOY AND THE BRICK.

A boy hearing his father say that "it was a poor rule that would not work both ways," determined to test it in his play. So setting up some bricks in a row, he tipped over the first one, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Now," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down the one that stood next to it; I only tipped one. I will begin at the other end and set one up, and see if setting up one will raise all the rest." He waited in vain to see them rise. Calling his father, he said, "This must be a poor rule, for it will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"Oh," said the father, "brick and mankind are alike, made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but no disposition to set each other up."

THE DAM AND THE STREAM.

"Do you think to stop me?" said the water to the dam.

"I intend to raise you," replied the dam.

"But you cannot add to my quantity," said the stream.

"No," returned the dam, "but I collect and retain a part of you that otherwise would run away."

"What right have you to cross my path?" demanded the brook. "I can bear up boats and allow bridges, but I dislike your *name*."

"Shallow water is easily disturbed," said the dam; "If I give you more depth, you will be less irritable."

"Remember," said the stream, "I gather strength by opposition."

"Try your strength by turning the wheel," replied the dam.

"I may tear as well as turn," said the water, "for I cannot consent to be dam'd."

"I am the work of man," rejoined the dam, "and you the work of God. I am dead matter, you a living stream, and living water, like living faith, is essential to works."

"What!" enquired the water, "do men dam me, and then expect me to bless them?"

"Yes," rejoined the dam, "for among mankind BENEFACTORS ARE NEVER BENEFITED.

THE PRIEST AND PROVIDENCE.

A Priest in his theological speculations, unable to discern the ways and windings of Providence, admitted that clouds and darkness were round about him, but would not admit justice and judgment to be the habitation of his throne. Providence, taking him to the summit of a mountain, bade him cast his eyes upon the valley beneath.

He saw a mailed warrior, mounted upon a furious steed. He alighted and drank from a spring at the foot of the mountain. As he drank, he lost and left a bag of gold. Soon after, a young man in shepherd's garb came along, and, finding the gold, bore it away.

An old man, bent in form, and slow in pace, now arrived at the spring and sat down to rest. The soldier, clad in armor, missing his treasure, returned in haste to the spring and accused the old man of having found and concealed his lost money. He solemnly denied the charge and protested his innocence in positive terms, but the soldier enraged drew his sword and killed the old man on the spot.

In surprise and wonder the priest exclaimed, "How couldst thou, O Providence, permit such a deed? I *know* the old man was innocent."

"You know but in part," replied Providence. "The old man was the murderer of the young man's father.

Compensation is the law of existence. It must be the offence thou sawest should come, but woe be unto the soldier by whom the offence came."

The priest was speechless, and Providence, wrapping himself in a cloud, disappeared.

THE LITIGIOUS HENS, OR THE FOX AND HIS FEE.

A hen having laid a litter of eggs, forsook them. Another hen finding the nest, adopted the eggs, and sitting the usual time, hatched them.

The former hen claimed the chickens by virtue of having produced the eggs; the latter on having brought them forth.

They were on the eve of a pugilistic encounter when the cock, who ruled the roost, told them he allowed cackling, but had forbidden crowing, and should veto fighting. He decided the claimants should test their titles by a legal trial.

The first hen indicted the foster-mother, who had gathered her chickens under her wings, and the suit was brought before the Goose.

Judge Goose, grave as he was gray, determining to imitate a human court, impaneled twelve GOSLINGS to compose his jury.

The parent hen, to protect her brood from the power of the usurper, sought for able counsel. She was informed the Fox was an excellent lawyer,—well versed

in *fowl-law*, having dissected a great many *hens-cases*. Our two heroines now met for the decision—which of the twain was the true mother of the living offspring.

Judge Goose, in taking the bench of justice, shed a quill from his wing. Reynard picked it up from the floor and made a pen of it.

Counsellor Fox then demanded of the court whether the pen he held in his hand belonged to himself or to the learned judge?

"When I dropped the quill," answered the judge, "I had no care for it or demand upon it. 'Twould be unjust in me to claim the pen, which I never made, or the quill, which to me was useless, and which I cast off as worthless."

"By giving us the quill, you give the question," said the lawyer. "If the judge on the bench declares he has no lawful right to the pen, although wrought from a quill once in his own pinion, pray what legal claim has the plaintiff to this brood? My client found the eggs as I found the quill—cast off and left exposed, and she has given them birth and breath, and if this is my pen those are her progeny."

The jury returned a verdict in favor of the defendant.

"What is your bill?" enquired the successful hen.

"My bill?" quoth the Fox, "your brood!"

"I mean your fee!" said the terrified hen.

"My fee?" echoed the Fox, "your family."

"You have gained your case, I understand," said a neighboring fowl. "Yes," replied the other, "but in gaining one case I have lost twelve chickens."

☞ *A Lawyer's fee is equal to the oppressor's demand.* See Matt. v. 40.

THE BRITISH LION AND AMERICAN EAGLE.

An American armed ship and an English man-of-war were anchored side by side.

The spread eagle, with the stars and stripes portrayed upon the flag was flying at the mast-head of the Yankee vessel.

The British ensign displayed her national colors—the lion and the crown.

When they first saw each other, the lion shook his mane; upon which the Columbian eagle shot a lightning glance.

"Remember the roused lion can roar and rend," quoth Leo.

"The eagle is BALL'D," returned Aquila.

"I see your balls and bombs are in readiness," said the lion.

"What you call balls and bombs are *stars*, representing states," replied the eagle.

"Yes, stars *fallen!* fallen from the British crown," ejaculated the lion.

"No," rejoined the eagle, "they are held in the right of Him who is greater than WASHINGTON."

"I see you still carry the STRIPES you received in chastisement for your rebellion," remarked the lion.

"By these *stripes* we are healed," said the eagle.

"Healed of what?" enquired the lion.

"Of a KING'S-EVIL," answered the eagle; "and since our cure we have had a good CONSTITUTION."

"We are convinced of the strength of your CONSTITUTION," said the lion; "we felt it in the destruction of one of our best *frigates*."

"Can you inform me," interrogated the eagle, "what our chaplains mean when they allude to a way which the *eagle's eye* never saw, and the *lion's whelp* never trod?"

"'Tis the way of *peace*,—the *gospel*," quoth the lion; "which if my nation knew they would not have chosen an *unclean beast* for their national escutcheon, nor would yours select an *unclean bird*. Our nations have chosen what God rejected."

"Ah!" said the eagle, "when plowshares take the place of swords, a lamb will take your place, and a dove will occupy mine."

THE ENVIED TREE.

A stately oak of towering height stood among the trees, the pride and monarch of the forest. His neigh-

bors observed with uneasiness that some of his branches were larger than their bodies. They noticed, too, that the morning sun illumined his top with its earliest beams, and his evening rays lingered on him when lost to them. They saw that the king of birds sometimes settled on his boughs, but never on *theirs*.

While they looked up to him, they could see he looked down on them. The disaffected trees met in private conclave, and the meeting was addressed by a DWARF-PINE. He set forth in his speech that the great oak was a cruel tyrant. "His roots," continued he, "spread far and wide, absorbing the strength of the soil, and robbing us of the moisture and nourishment which our life requires and our growth demands."

He was succeeded by a *leafless* HEMLOCK. "'Tis impossible for us to flourish in the shade," quoth the hemlock; "we are deprived the benefit of sun and showers, being overtopped by an overgrown nuisance."

The DOG-WOOD growled, "Cut him down; he's a cumberer of the ground."

An old HICKORY said, "I am opposed to monopoly. Now, true church or state policy looks to the good of posterity. If the acorns of this colossal tree take root and become anything like the parent stock, our race must become extinct."

They made a contribution of walnuts, chestnuts, butternuts, etc., and voted the avails of their liberality to

the chopper, to hew down the GREAT TREE. The axe was now laid at the root of this noble tree,—it fell. When falling it was heard to say, "*Who can stand before envy?*" It fell not alone. In its fall it crushed, bowed, bent, and broke its accusers, and they were held down to the ground by the massive trunk and giant arms of this prostrate tree.

They were heard to say, "*We caused his downfall, but did not anticipate that he would fall on us.*"

"Come hither, son," said a wise father to his boy; "look at this fallen tree; 'twas once above all the surrounding trees." "'Tis above them now, father," responded the boy, "for they are still beneath it."

"True, son," said the father; "genuine *greatness* is always superior, whether in prosperity or adversity."

THE FIVE SENSES.

The five senses—seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, and smelling—appointed a meeting for discussion and debate. They held their caucus in the cranium, near the "bump" of self-esteem.

They decided that the *animal* was superior to the *moral* nature of man. They unanimously concluded that man's happiness and enjoyment consisted not in *mental* but in *sensual* exercise.

They resolved to remove the seat of government from the *brain* to the *palate*. They determined that the

faculties, REASON, JUDGMENT, WILL, MEMORY, and CONSCIENCE should be obedient to the *passions.*

Flesh, and blood, and indeed the whole outward man went for the new administration. The *Body*, claiming preëminence, was bloated with importance, from a doctrine promulgated that *man had no Soul*, that the doctrine of the SOLAR SYSTEM was false, that the *Spirit* without the body was dead.

The sedition produced a warring among the members.

This war between flesh and spirit, like that of Michael and the Dragon, was long and doubtful.

The understanding tried to mediate between the belligerents. He *darkened* counsel, being biased by a very influential man whose name was HEART. This Heart was deceitful and wicked, and was the instigator of the war. The voice of reason and conscience was neither quick nor powerful, and like the *voice* of the *Baptist* was silenced. *'Twas not the word.* The contest was decided by the SWORD. The hidden man (*Heart*) was pricked. Although but a prick, the wound was mortal. It discharged much corruption. 'Twas taken away; the old, dead man put off and a *new man* took his place. No more like the first than flesh is like a stone. Peace followed, and order was established. Under the new dispensation, old things having passed away, each power and faculty had their appropriate work assigned them.

The five senses, under the supervision of the *understanding*—now enlightened—were to attend to external things. The faculties were to direct in rational and intellectual things. The graces which were added with the new heart were to be exercised on divine things. With this *new* nature, produced by a *new* birth, was given a *new* name, which had its origin at Antioch.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Two vowels, *U* and *I*, meeting in a word, quarreled. Neither was willing to be silent, and it was evident only one could be sounded. *U* called *I* an egotist, and *I* accused *U* of usury and double dealing, by which he had doubled himself in *W*. They were both indicted before *A*, the magistrate who presided *over* the Alphabet. Each plead his own case.

I, in his plea, stated to the judge that 'twas a law in *syntax* that *I* is the first person, and *U* the second; and that 'twas written on the table of the human heart that *I* is always the first person, and *U* the second.

U commenced his defence by enquiring what was meant by syntax? Neither of us are in that word. If it is a tax laid on sin, and called a sin-tax, *I* is in it, for you will always find *I* in sin. My opponent, continued *U*, cites the law of the human heart, in proof of his position that *I* is the first person and *U* the second; but does he not know that the whole heart, with its

entire code, must be revised, corrected, and changed? But "I hope," said *U*, "the judge, in his decision, will be *no respecter of persons*."

A advised the parties to call in the *third persons*, and submit the question to *them*. To this they agreed, and HE, SHE, and IT were called. *A* expressed a hope that they would now agree in gender, number, person, and case.

It, the last and least, was challenged off, because of his *neutrality*. But He and She could agree no better than *U* and *I*. Although the twain were of one flesh, they were not of one spirit.

He, being masculine, did not like to associate upon the bench with a feminine judge. But She claimed her right on the ground of equality. "We are one," quoth she, "in the same person—both of us in the third person; but don't think of crowding me into the fourth."

The litigation between *U* and *I* was left undecided; and in the mean time, great *I* instructed little *i* to look up to his dot, which, like a star, was placed above him; "and when you rise high enough to reach your dot, you will be like myself, a capital *I*."

"What is my dot for?" inquired little *i*.

"It represents an *eye*, my son; and you must always remember nothing can see but an *I*."

SHE took in high dudgeon the question of her right and qualification to the bench, and determined from

the pulpit to appeal to the people. With power and effect she set forth the scriptural fact of the unity and oneness of the male and female, and raising her voice to a masculine pitch, exclaimed, "LET NOT MAN PUT THEM ASUNDER;" enforcing and strengthening her argument by saying, "when clothes were first made and worn, He and She were dressed precisely alike; and in Eden's bloom, Eve was a BLOOMER."

The weaker vessels began to gather up their strength, and became clamorous and vociferous for their rights. HE, of the third person, said 'twas the popular belief that woman was taken out of man's side, but he rather questioned her being made of man's rib, for she gave more proof of being made of his jaw, and he thought it.

Im-moral

For the woman to usurp authority over the man.

LAME AND LAZY.

Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his couch.

Lame called on Charity and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker he received a loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What! ask a cracker and receive a loaf? Well, I will ask for a loaf, and I shall expect a load of bread; or, if I ask a biscuit, she will give me a batch of bread."

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread. "Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you a *loafer*. You are of that class and character who *ask* and *receive not;* you ask amiss."

Lazy, who always found fault, not fortune, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of *an exceeding great and precious promise*—ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE.

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters.

He noticed her right hand held a pot of honey which fed a bee, disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

"Don't understand it," said Lazy.

Charity replied, "It means that *Charity feeds the lame and flogs the lazy.*"

THE BIBLE AND THE LAMP.

A new Bible was purchased and placed in a fashionable pulpit. Two elegant lamps, standing at each end of the silken cushion, shed *modern* light on the sacred book.

One of the lamps bespoke the Bible thus: "Men appreciate your worth; they have gilded you with gold."

"They have covered me with *gilt*," replied the Bible, "but I am not *guilty*."

"You are bound in *calf*, I perceive," said the lamp.

"Not *bound*, but often *bent* BY A CALF," returned the Bible.

"You contain things new and old," observed the lamp; "old truth, and new *tables* and *plates*."

"Alas!" said the Bible, "my tables contain no bread, nor my plates food."

"You have been honored with new *editions*," said the lamp.

"And dishonored by *additions*," responded the Bible.

"Why is the *Apocrypha* placed between your Testaments?" inquired the lamp.

"The Old Testament was my *body*, the New Testament my *soul*, which my author joined, and men have put asunder, making me a *dead letter*," said the Bible.

"Why, I often hear of *Bible union*," said the lamp.

"You *hear* of Bible, but *see* Church and State, union; and since that compact, like Him who inspired me, I have been between two thieves—one has robbed me of my *promises*, the other of my *threatenings*. Now, the *Church* has but little faith in what I promise, and the *world* less fear in what I threaten."

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

Religion and Superstition, traveling different ways, met. Superstition, having *sore eyes*, could not look on anything bright, so she shut her eyes as Religion approached. Superstition saluted Religion as her friend and ally.

"I never knew you," said Religion.

"Never knew me!" ejaculated Superstition. "Why, in your name and for your cause I have done many wonderful works. The zeal I have in your interest hath eaten me up. In you I have implicit faith, which I will show by my works."

Superstition now pointed to a well, into which a *Jew* had just fallen. A *Christian* came with a ladder and began to let it down the well.

"Nay, nay," said the Jew, "'tis the seventh day; I would not climb even JACOB'S LADDER on our holy Sabbath."

The fiery zeal of the Israelite was much cooled by the next morning, and he called in good earnest to the Christian to bring the ladder.

"No, God forbid!" retorted the Christian; "to-day is *our* Sabbath.

"There," said Superstition, with an air of triumph, "you see my power over Jew and Gentile—"

"The Jew will suffer rather than sin, and the Chris-

tian is so alive to duty that he's dead to *charity*," interrupted Religion.

Superstition was speechless, and still remained sightless, and appeared in her true character—a *blind guide*. The Hebrew saw she not only led men *into the ditch*, but compelled them to *stay* there; and learned that Superstition would not save a *man*, when Religion would relieve a *sheep*.

The Christian noticed that Superstition held the creed and crucifix, while Religion retained cheerfulness and charity.

"Religion would have saved me a terrible cold," said the Jew.

"We are both taught," responded the Christian, "to relieve misery by acts of mercy. Superstition makes the day more than duty, and Religion makes duty more than the day."

THE BALLOON.

A Balloon ascended amid the shouts and huzzas of the gazing multitude. Inflated with air it arose high, and the higher it soared the less it appeared. Proud of its elevation, and vain of the attention of the rabble, it looked down from its eminence with an air of satisfaction and conscious superiority. Despising the earth and its inhabitants, and feeling far *above* them, it sought and courted the higher class of society, the CLOUDS.

The Clouds received the stranger with a misty look, and gave what he considered a cool reception. Ambitious to associate with the highest grade, the Balloon doubted not that he should be able to reach the *Stars* by *Sun-set*, where his worth would be appreciated, and the honors due him promptly paid.

Swelling beyond his strength, he burst. Driven by the wind here, and urged by the current there, he found that he had lost everything but his ballast, and learned a new lesson, which was that ballast tended *downward.* He fell in an uncultivated field of stones and bushes.

"I went up," said he, "amid the cheers and acclamations of thousands. Now, here I lie in ruins, the neglect and scorn of my former admirers."

A gentle breeze whispered as it passed him, "Pride *may* take a rise, but it MUST have a fall."

Moral.

'Tis dangerous to fall from high places, and difficult to maintain them.

When *wings* are more than *weight*, a man may rise without merit, but he will fall without mercy.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

THE SINGLE EYE.

A man, having lost an eye, greatly bewailed his misfortune, and complained against fate, and even mur-

mured at Providence. Providence reminded him that the loss of his eye was the result of his own carelessness, and that sorrowing for it would not restore the lost, nor strengthen the remaining one, and recommended to him patience and submission.

"I am not on par with mankind in common," said the man; "they have two eyes; I have but one. What can I do now? My neighbors have two eyes to my one."

Providence replied, "Double-eyed men often shut both, and a single eye kept open sees farther than two eyes kept shut."

Providence now stationed the complainer among blind men. The blind, who had so often fallen *into the ditch*, rejoiced that there was one among them who could see. They immediately elected him as their *leader*, and were unanimous in their vote that he should be their only guide.

A remedy being discovered for his lost sight, Providence offered him a double restoration: 1st, sight to his eye, and, 2d, a return from the society of the blind to dwell again among men of *discernment*.

"No," replied the man; "I had rather dwell where I have one eye more than the common people than to live where I have one eye less."

Moral.

Men had rather be *leaders* among the blind than to be *led* by those who can see better than they.

FATE AND FREE-WILL.

Fate declared to Free-will that all things were irrevocably fixed by an eternal and unalterable decree. "Yea," continued Fate, "no influence, circumstance, or agency can have any control over events; nor can any power whatever break a single link in the chain of decrees."

"Your chain of decrees," replied Free-will, "like a log-chain drawn through a post-hole, runs not smooth. It rubs hard against free-agency, cuts off accountability, makes man a machine, and his Maker a tyrant."

"Volition, will, power of choice, and liberty of action, rest not on you, but depend on me," said Free-will.

"You are but the agent of *my* will," said Fate; "still you are rightly named Free-will, as one of your own poets has said, '*Binding nature fast in fate, left free the human will.*'"

"We cannot walk together, we are not agreed," said Free-will.

"But we cannot separate," said Fate. "Now, 'tis decreed that you shall leave this house."

"'Tis my *will* to stay here," said Free-will.

"If you do stay," said Fate, "then is my doctrine false."

"If I do not continue where I am, in spite of you, Fate, then record my doctrine as false."

Fate, by the agency of a servant in the house, kindled such a fire that the heat and smoke so annoyed Free-will that he was compelled to come out, and so fulfilled the decree and prediction of Fate.

"You have come out," said Fate.

"Not by your decree," said Free-will; "I came out from choice."

THE OLD SERPENT.

A serpent, gliding through the grass, attempted to make the acquaintance and test the contents of a jug, or bottle, that had been left to itself and forgotten. In his coilings and turnings he became entangled in the handle and was unable to extricate himself. He petitioned the jug to release him from durance vile.

"No," was the reply, "the Bottle releases no prisoners that are brought into bondage by *Appetite*."

Writhing and twisting, he only found himself still more hopelessly fastened. He knew that his life must be short, and, being *wily*, made his will. He bequeathed himself, tooth and tail, scale and skin, to the jug to which he was now attached. His head could reach the cork, and, drawing it out, he deposited his poison within, and died.

His children and servants preserved him in *spirits*, and entombed him in the jug, upon which was inscribed in letters of fire,

"THE SEPULCHRE OF THE OLD SERPENT."

Moral.

Beware of the Bottle. Ponder the parable and find proof in the Proverbs that it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

CHAPTER XI.

SEPARATION.

In the year 1863, January 19th, *his wife died.* The following memorial, written at the time, finds its appropriate place in these sketches:

IN MEMORIAM.—OUR MOTHER.

Died in Pleasant Valley, Conn., on Monday, January 19th, after a short illness, Mary M., wife of Rev. George B. Atwell, in the sixty-fifth year of her age.

It is not long since the above paragraph appeared in the ———, to be read and passed over by careless, stranger eyes, although it may have been that some other, upon whom desolation hath come like a whirlwind, paused at the simple notice with the thought, "I am not alone in sorrow; another home is made desolate; other hearts, too, are bleeding." Death is the great leveler, the great subduer, and mutual sorrow may bring into sympathy hearts that would of necessity have remained to each other cold and strange.

It is not because our departed one was so great or so gifted that we write of her, that it has become so dear a pleasure to render this tribute to her memory;

it is because what remains to us of her is sweeter than fame, dearer and more lovable than many gifts, that a slight sketch of her life has been deemed not out of place. Ever present with us, now, is the memory of the gentle ways, the loving look, the shielding care, the cheerful, resigned spirit, the patience under suffering, the self-denying life, the tender sympathy in every joy and sorrow, and the countless things that are continually springing from the depths of a mother's love, which, could we but heed their full significance, must make daily life almost too sweet to be borne. So infinitely tender and infinitely enduring is the tie that binds the child to the mother, and the mother to the child. Nothing that is given us to know on earth can exceed it, except that which binds the Saviour to his redeemed children.

The subject of this notice was born in 1787, and, as far as we can look back and remember, her life has been a remarkably unselfish one. Her character must needs be called beautiful, because, as far as outward eyes can see, there was so little to blemish it. Retiring and reserved in her nature, she loved the quiet, peaceful walks of life, and it was here that her influence was felt; an influence almost silent and imperceptible, yet far stronger and deeper than we knew. Most precious to her surviving family has been the testimony, when one and another of the surrounding friends and neigh-

bors have come in, and with trembling lip and streaming eyes have said, "Oh, she has been a mother to me; I feel as if I could not have it so!" or, "I feel that I have lost a friend indeed; it seems as if she could not be spared."

It is also strongly characteristic of her that so many of her works should not become visible until after her death. Here, we find, was an important work all finished, and in its right time, but how or when we do not know; there, too, a blessed deed was done—when, we cannot tell; but the good effects still live to speak to us of the angel that has been with us, and *almost* unawares. Her manner was remarkably unobtrusive, yet underneath was a singular firmness of purpose, which might be called the ruling passion of her life; a something calm and steadfast as the mountains, by which every plan was carried out, regardless of obstacles, and every work which her hand was set to do accomplished, almost imperceptibly, yet most faithfully—the plan and the work, in the meantime, relating not to *herself*, but always for some one in the circle of those she loved.

Her unselfishness and habitual singleness of thought and action made her a natural peace-maker. Slander and calumny seemed never to hurt her; they could not penetrate the atmosphere in which she lived, but would fall at her feet as harmless as drops of summer rain.

Her Christian walk has ever been in keeping with her character. Like other persons of a reserved nature, she rarely talked of her own experiences; but those who were most familiar with her daily life knew it was her religion that permeated and governed it. It was given her during her declining years to know much of physical suffering, and the uncomplaining submission, patience, and fortitude with which it was accepted and borne, are of the kind that God gives only to his beloved. So, calm, even, and peaceful, with a faith strong in an overruling Providence, whatever the ills that life might bring, this true and gentle friend, this faithful sister, this loving and patient wife and mother, this angel of the household, came down, at last, to the River of Death. The heavens opened, the angels descended, she was borne from our sight, and the hearts left behind must ache and throb with untold longings.

And yet, when we gazed upon the dear clay, from which one of God's sweetest spirits had gone back to its Giver, we could not but feel that Death is not *all* sorrow. We wish we could say to every one to whom the sorrow of death is like to come, that God will not leave you alone with broken ties and hearts. He does not leave His children comfortless; He comes to us, and opens sources of consolation that we knew not of, and which to the mourner are passing sweet.

But oh! it is a terrible thing when Death lays his hand upon one dearer to us than our life. It is a great sorrow to look upon the dead face, to clasp those cold, cold fingers, and to see, through tearful eyes,

> "A light on dearest brows,
> Which is the daylight only."

What can we mortals do, then, but ask God to be pitiful unto us? Still more crushing is the desolation of the days and weeks that must follow. Ah, what can we do, then, but take the patience and the resignation which the departed one will never need again, bind it close unto our own hearts, and thus live waiting for the reunion that God will grant unto His children by and by?

H. G. A.

CHAPTER XII.

AUTUMN.

The great earthly love was broken, and receiving and accepting its lessons, we see this consecrated life rounding itself out into the fulness and richness of the Golden Year. No longer an acting pastor, he still remained an active minister. Still he visited schools, officiated at funerals, and supplied pulpits.

A friend writes, "I owe my first awakening to a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Atwell upon the 'resurrection,'—text, 'I am a worm.' I wish I might see it in print."

Only parts of it have been preserved entire, which we here give:

"A worm has no bones, no hands, no feet, no wings to fly, no fins to swim. It has no friends; it is loathed by all, desired by none, a creeping, crawling, hated reptile. *Why should any be ashamed of poor relations?* Job said to the worm, Thou art my sister, and to corruption, thou art my mother. . . .

"All the strength of the worm lies in its head; with it, it cuts a path through the hardest wood. It lives without voice and dies without sound. It spins its own

shroud, makes its own coffin, and lies in its self-made tomb, by which no mourners stand and where no tears are shed. . . .

"See the entombed worm in the little coffin that we call a cocoon! It seems a shapeless mass and worthless matter, yet from the shroud and coffin of that worm, we reel the finest silk. In texture, strength, beauty, and worth, it surpasses the flexile hemp, the fleecy wool, and silvery flax, and the lofty monarch on the imperial throne is proud to wear the silken sheen, wrought from the remains of a loathsome worm. See the peerless queen, with her jeweled diadem! Her attire of pompous state was spun from the reptile worm.

"*They divided my garments among them, and for my vesture did they cast lots.*'

"But can a worm rise again? How shall it rise? In what body shall it come? Doth God take care for worms?

"Why should it be thought incredible with you that God should raise the worms? You have seen the poor, creeping, crawling, loathsome reptile, shrouded, coffined, and entombed. The winter passes, and throughout air, earth, and ocean, all nature quickens with miraculous new birth. Trees put on beautiful robes, and verdant Spring, redolent with blossoms, presents to the sun its loveliest hues.

"What beautiful creature do we see perched upon a

rose? With crested head and brilliant eyes, and wings sprinkled with gold, it flits, in exquisite beauty, from flower to flower. It has wings, legs, and feet, and in all its proportions its symmetry is almost divine. Whence cometh the beautiful thing? The Butterfly, admired and sought, was once a crawling worm, loathed and shunned," etc.

The following incident comes from Cornwall Hollow, Connecticut.

"I remember the first time that I saw Mr. Atwell. I was a young man, and had just come into possession of the first colt I ever owned. I had heard much of him, and concluded to ride horseback to the Baptist church and hear him preach. Arriving very early, I hitched my horse, and, to while away my time, went for a walk. When I returned, the colt was missing. It was at a point where the roads met, and I was at a loss as to which to take in search of him, when the next moment the animal appeared, headed towards the church, guided by a ministerial looking man, sitting bolt upright on his back. 'That's the minister,' said one, and so it proved. He had started to walk to the church, and meeting the runaway horse, caught him, leaped upon his back, and delivered him safely to the owner."

In 1866, the Baptist church was removed from Pleasant Valley and located in New Hartford, but Mr.

Atwell did not forsake it. He identified himself with its interests, and "Father Atwell," with his white-faced "Chuck," will long be remembered in the vicinity, for his regular Sunday morning pilgrimages between Pleasant Valley and New Hartford. To the church, he was a Father in Israel, a pastor of pastors, and the memory of him is blessed in the hospitable homes, where from week to week he was so kindly and lovingly welcomed.

About this time, he was aware of indications of a certain disease of the heart, in connection with which a physiological fact is worth the noting. It now became with him a daily study to so control this "balance-wheel of his constitution," that the natural harmony of his mental conditions might continue, and the use of his faculties be retained to the close of his life. From this time forth, we see him "walking softly," day by day, as if in the light of another world; husbanding physical and intellectual strength, testing his own theories by counterbalancing out-of-door labor with mental exercise of reading and writing. He would say, "If I would escape dotage, I must keep my mental faculties bright by use. As soon as I give up, I am gone. Not that I fear death, but it is everyone's right and duty to live as long as they can."

He read extensively, and kept up with the activities of the times. He preached occasionally, wrote much,

was an interesting talker, and his utterances seemed to gain rather than lose in freshness of thought.

While on a visit in New Brunswick, N. J., he attended an African church, and being requested to speak, he delighted the dark-faced audience by the following allusion:

"Europe, Asia, and Africa, all took a part in the crucifixion of Christ. Noah gave those three divisions to his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. To Shem he gave Asia, to Japheth he gave Europe, to Ham he gave Africa.

"The Jews took their origin from Shem; they accused, tried, and condemned Christ. The Romans or Gentiles crucified Him. But what part did Africa take in the crucifixion? *An African bore the cross after Jesus, and the African race have borne the cross ever since.*"

When the late Rev. E. Cushman, then editor of the *Christian Secretary*, was suffering severely from an abscess in his hand, he received the following

CONSOLATORY EPISTLE.

Bro. Cushman,—You are maimed. Well, I'm glad of it. . . . Can you see by star light? If you can, you'll see why I'm glad. Glad, because you'll have better health, by far, than formerly. That *abscess* or gathering, locating in your hand, is remote from your vitals, drawing the morbid humors from the seat of

vitality. For many months past your heart has been much better than your *liver*. You must eat bread by the sweat of your brain, as well as brow; you will find your brow cooler and brain clearer after this scourge of SMALL CORDS; for the *temple* needs cleansing. Sometimes you've been yellow without and blue within; albeit, the heavens are oftener blue than black. In a few days you'll see and hear the blue bird. She'll carry the sky on her back, and the spring in her song. A bird of good omen to you, healing in her wings.

Second reason why I'm glad: It brings out the sympathy of your friends. Sympathy is not flattery. Flattery, unlike physic, makes every one sick except the one who takes it.

A Christian gains by his losses; an anti-Christian loses by his gains. Job's friends were reprovers, yours are comforters. Satan smote Job with boils, and he boiled over. He has not smitten you with boils, but with bile. However, when a pot boils the scum rises on the top and can be thrown off.

Paul says, "I take pleasure in infirmities"; why? it secured him the sympathy of his friends. King Asa was diseased in his feet. He sought not the Lord, but physicians; his sin did not lie in consulting, but in trusting to them. Halt, lame, blind, leprous, maimed came to Christ. *Doctrine*.—Infirmity brings us to Christ.

Third reason why I'm glad: You can't be made perfect except through suffering. Pleasure and prosperity and popularity never did and never can work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. *Light* afflictions work a *weight* of good. Such kind of men as John, Job, and Jonah, seemed not aware that their perfection must come through suffering. Why did John doubt Christ's Messiahship? why did Job curse his day, and desire his night? why did Jonah from the prince of Whales fill his belly with the east wind? He found his gourd, not his God. Impatience was the cause. Widow Martha had a younger sister, Mary. Martha wanted to feed Christ, Mary wanted Christ to feed her. Martha lost her peace when she lost her patience. *Nota Bene.*—Patience will do you more good than pain can do you harm. G. B. A.

Here is one of his contributions to the *Christian Secretary:*

MORE EXCELLENT NAME THAN THEY.

Than who? Than the angels. Angels charged with folly? Their folly appears in their fall. I would rather be a man than to be an angel, for the following reasons:

First, they can never attain a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory; it can be gained only through suffering. Christ himself was not made perfect by doing, but by suffering. "Who are these," in-

quired the interrogating angel, "arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" Response—"These are they who came out of great tribulation." Then they could not be angels, who know no tribulation or suffering.

Second, I would rather be a man than an angel, because angels can never be heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Joint heir means equal heir. What do angels know concerning the cross, having never borne it? or of pain, sorrow, or bereavement? What of persecution, injuries, and abuse? What of troubles, trials, doubts, fears, and foes? Nothing. What can the angels know of that charity which suffers long, beareth all things, endureth all things, loves an enemy, prays for a foe, and forgives a mortal antagonist? Here is where Christ and Christians can sympathize. Angels may desire to *look* but cannot enter into it. "What, know ye not that the saints shall judge angels?"

"THAT IN ALL THINGS HE MIGHT HAVE THE PREEMINENCE."

The Son of Man came eating and drinking,—in neither sinning. Here we see his preëminence.

Moses turned water to blood. Christ turned water to wine.

From Sinai and Moses was proclaimed the curse; from Olivet and Jesus, blessing. The law which condemns came from Moses. The gospel which justifies from Christ.

Elijah called fire from heaven, and slew an hundred men. Christ came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

Elisha cursed children. Christ took them into his arms and blessed them.

Paul smote a man with blindness. Christ opened the eyes of the blind.

Peter struck two persons dead. Christ raised people from the dead.

Judas betrayed, Peter denied, and all forsook. "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

The cock crowed, and Peter cried. Judas kissed his Master, and hanged himself.

Christ never denied, never betrayed, never forsook *one*.

Rev. Mr. Crocker of New Hampshire, writes:

"The first time I had the privilege of meeting with Father Atwell was the day of my ordination. . . . . It fell to his lot to give me the charge, only a little of which I can repeat. I retain the general nature, but cannot give the exact language used. Among other things, he wished to impress upon my mind that 'God took Moses from the water because He had a use for him; and God took me from the water (I had formerly been a sailor) because He had a use, he believed, for me. He wanted me to make much of the children, and to remember that they were the first martyrs under the

Gospel dispensation. My work was to break stony hearts and mend broken ones; the Scriptures the hammer to do the one, and the balm with which to heal the latter. Preach nothing up but Christ, and the doctrine which is according to godliness; nothing down but the Devil, and whatever is contrary to sound doctrine. Remember the Master rebuked the disciples because they returned to their nets after he called them to be fishers of men.' I do not recall just the order of these things, but remember that they were all mentioned, as well as some sayings contained in the letter he afterwards wrote me."

The following are taken from the said letter:

"Many ministers, like the moon, give light but no heat; full of changes, often eclipsed, and when full grow no larger."

"Christ first bore the cross, then the cross bore Him. He was nailed to the cross, and you know what he nailed to it." Colossians ii, 14.

"Pray for, but never prey on, your people."

"Preach the Word; many preach the voice.

"☞John was the *voice*, not the word. John had a cubit taken from his stature; he decreased; perhaps all the Baptists must, for they have had no earthly head since John lost his."

When Mr. Atwell was eighty years old, he was requested to attend the funeral of the venerable Deacon

Daniel Deming of South Colebrook. The appointed day brought the most violent snow-storm of the season. Braving the weather, he rode to Colebrook and officiated at the funeral. A few weeks afterward the following appeared in the *Christian Secretary:*

"DEACON DEMING.

"Father Atwell of Pleasant Valley, writes concerning Dea. Daniel Deming of South Colebrook, whose death at the age of 87 years, we noticed last week:

"'He came to us from another generation, and has gone up to a higher, who are wiser in their generation than the children of this world. He has left that which is better than precious ointment,—*a good name;* and not unlike ointment, his name is still fragrant. Mary's ointment was very precious, and purchased and preserved for her a good name, which sheds a rich perfume even unto this day.

"'Deacon Deming was not only a cup-bearer, but a standard-bearer, a cross-bearer, and a for-bearer. Charity taught him to 'bear all things,' and not only to bear but to bleed. He was a veteran Christian, having embraced Christ (or, more properly, Christ embraced him) at the age of five years, in 1793, though not baptized until the year 1806. It has been a proverbial saying among seamen that 'a sailor should be all one as a piece of the ship;' and as Paul once advised 'abide

in the ship,' so Dea. Deming identified himself with the church, considering it as a unit, a 'body,' which had need and use for all its members. Rain, not even from Heaven, could keep him from the house of God, which is the *household* of faith; having passed a watery grave he had no fear of a watery cloud.

"'May we not hope that it will be with his mantle as with that of Elijah? What though it fell? It arose again, unrent, untorn, and old Jordan owned its power.'"

Mr. Atwell enjoyed letter-writing, and had many correspondents, which, no doubt, helped to keep his mind active, and his thoughts fresh. An extract from a letter that he received from the late Hon. Francis Gillette embodies a bit of history:

"When you remarked that God had been my guardian and helper else I had been slain, your words brought vividly before me a night-scene in the Senate twenty years ago. As I was speaking for truth and freedom, the slave lordlings gathered around me, scowling wrath and defiance. They tried to brow-beat and intimidate me to silence, but I kept on, nothing daunted, feeling mighty girdings around me, when one of the pack, with secret weapons on his person, as I had every reason to think, confronted me for a moment, then rushed by, brushing hard against my side, his purpose plainly being to provoke resistance that he might have a pretext for stabbing me. He was one of the ugliest and maddest of the fire-eaters, C. C. Clay of Alabama.

"It was a night of great excitement; several senators were more or less intoxicated, and I did not realize the danger I was in.

"It has been unaccountable to me ever since how I escaped, on any other principle than the one which your kind words suggested, and the same that David recognized when he said: '*It is God that avengeth me. He delivereth me from mine enemies. Thou hast delivered me from the violent man.*'

"I have a pamphlet copy of the speech given on that, to me, ever memorable occasion, which I will loan you, should you desire it. Some day it may come to be regarded as a curiosity in Congressional literature.

"Concerning my dear father, of whom you desired some reminiscences, or sketches, I remember my mother's telling me that he began to preach when 17 years old, greatly to the displeasure and stern opposition of his father, then a Congregational deacon, insomuch he would not hear him. Finally, he was persuaded to go and hear the persistent boy, and was so surprised and convinced that the Spirit of God was upon him, that his opposition was turned to thankfulness for such a son, on whom he bestowed his fatherly blessing and a hearty Godspeed.

"I am, dear sir, most filially yours,

"FRA^{S}. GILLETTE.

"HARTFORD, Dec. 20, '75."

The following messages may not be without interest to those for whom they were written:

LETTER TO POOR MINISTERS.

You are poor, but you have a rich *Father*. Be at peace with poverty; it is your protector from beggars and burglars; it is a great abater of taxes, and an attracter of sympathies. It is the parent of economy, and a great promoter of industry.

The priests of yore were allowed no inheritance among the brethren. Do you say "that was under the law"? Look at your High Priest in the Gospel! What though He was often *with* the rich in His life, in His death He was not of the rich.

He made His will, and in the codicil He left you a legacy. His will is brief, as is His prayer; nevertheless, 'tis the *Lord's Will.*

CHRIST'S WILL.

1st. His soul He bequeathed to God. 2d. His body He gave to Joseph of Arimathea. 3d. His back He gave to the smiters. 4th. His clothes to the soldiers. Now comes your legacy. "Peace be unto you. My peace I give unto you. My peace I leave with you."

Peace is a pearl of great price. Peace and patience are twin graces. In your patience, you may possess your soul; but in your impatience, Satan possesses it.

Your *poverty* has one peculiar *property*. Providence is visible in poverty and tangible in adversity, but often totally eclipsed in worldly prosperity. Prosperity is the promise of the Old Testament, adversity is the promise of the New.

Wealth has wings and poverty has weight. Those who have wealth have never enough; those who have poverty have enough and desire no more. Can riches give such entire satisfaction?

LETTER TO OLD MINISTERS.

I am well stricken in years, and well straightened in more senses than one. Like a last year's almanac, I have had my day and am out of date. It is hard for me to put off the old man, and still harder to put off the "old boy." Solus and solitary, I muse much, but never tamper with the muses. Striving to abstract my mind from transitory things, I sometimes fall into a trance. Balaam did the same with his eyes open, but could not see as well as his long-eared companion. Listen, however, to my vision.

I detect your disease. It is hereditary; it will mature and prove mortal. It was entailed to you from your father. He lived to be nine and a third centuries old, and died of the disorder of which you are now in the incipient stage, viz., *Old Age.*

The beauty of old men is the gray head. Prov. xx. 29.

Those little silver threads in your hair remind you of the silver cord. What though it may be loosed, not a single silver hair shall be lost. What though Elisha's head was bald, his heart was bold. A bald head may "go up," while a crowned head must surely come down.

Your father died old, your Elder Brother young. One is the old, the other the new man. You will soon put off the one and put on the other. Having borne the image of the earthly, you will soon bear the image of the Heavenly. After death you grow no older. The mind never grows old and never dies. Growth implies youth, and immortality is youth without decay.

SERMON FOR YOUNG MINISTERS.

Prayer.

O Lord, Thou hast committed a heavenly treasure to earthly vessels. Like the widow's vessel, 'tis kept full, not by pouring in, but by pouring out. May the young shepherds go forth bearing the crook and cross. May they take no scrip, but always take Scripture. While they bring glad tidings, may they give good warnings. May they not seek to feed themselves, but the sheep. While they feed the sheep, may they fight the wolf. May they preach the word and practice the worship. May they never fear a foe or fail a friend. May they

preach nothing up but Christ, nothing down but the devil. Amen.

Note before Sermon.

Young men, you'll now be instructed, not by a seraph, but by a serpent. You are young preachers, he's an old one. He's as wise as a serpent.

A snake lay basking in the sun. In one of its gyrations, the tail, coming nigh unto, thus addressed the head: "You have always gone before and I behind. To equalize our rights, if you please, I'll go forward."

"I'm better fitted," quoth the head, "to lead, than yourself; I've the eyes, the ears, the mouth, and sense of smelling."

"'Tis evident," replied the tail, "that I was designed to go forward, from my long tapering point. Why, my dear head, when men drive nails does not the point go first? When ladies use pins and needles, does not the point, not the head, go forward?"

"Nails, needles, and pins," answered the head, "are things, not animals. If I carry the brain, should I not lead?"

"There's a prophecy that you shall be bruised," retorted the tail; "against me there's no such threatening; therefore 'twould be safer for the body to follow

me. I propose," continued the tail, "that we submit the question to the body."

The body, given to change, decided in favor of the tail, and concluded that experiment would show which of the two was the better guide. The tail now assumed the province of a guide, and took the leadership authorized by the body. The body moved backward and the whole course was retrograde. The tail, in attempting to pass between two close-standing stubs, and meeting the swell of the body, came to a full stop, and was immovably fixed. The body, in pain, convinced they had not been wise as a serpent in their late change of leaders, now raised the popular cry "Go ahead." The body was drawn out with the loss of a few scales, when the head interrogated the tail thus: "Why did you go between those stubs?"

"I never saw them," responded the tail.

"No, nor felt them," retorted the body, "but we did."

Application.

1st. Be as wise as the serpent; *id est*, soon as he perceived he rectified his mistake.

2d. The inverted reptile was converted and met with a change of leaders.

3d. The body of the serpent represents the world inverted. 'Tis yours to turn the world upside down that it may be brought right side up.

4th. When our passions, not our faculties, guide, the blind lead the blind.

5th. Notice, when the tail led, the body went backward. Backsliding is an omen, yea, an axiom, that the head does not lead.

OCTOGENARIAN.

Many anecdotes are related of Mr. Atwell, which may seem in themselves unimportant, yet it is noticeable that he rarely dropped a witty saying that did not enforce a truth, and sometimes one not altogether complimentary to our human nature.

It is told of him that he went into a store, and when asked "what he would like," replied, "I don't know as I want anything; you'll not trust me!"

"Oh, yes, we will to any amount."

"You had better not," said Mr. Atwell.

"Why not?" was the answer.

"Because I am not an honest man!"

"Why are you not an honest man?"

"I will tell you why. Suppose that I go out on the hillside there and find a purse of money. I should, no doubt, do all I could to find the owner, but would there not be a little hope all the time that the owner could never be found?"

He was in the habit of riding a great deal, and seldom passed an acquaintance without a few words, usually something to be remembered.

A roadside incident is related by a friend who, when driving through the narrowest pass of a narrow road between a mountain and a river, suddenly came upon Mr. Atwell, bolt upright upon a one-horse load of hay. To pass each other and escape the steep bank on one side and the rocks on the other was a problem that, for the moment, looked doubtful and dangerous.

"The straight and narrow way is *best!*" said Mr. Atwell, as the feat was accomplished by a hair's breadth.

Another is well worth recording: He happened to meet an acquaintance who was fond of saying sudden and unexpected things for the sake of enjoying the startled effect upon the hearers. He accosted Mr. Atwell, saying, "Elder, why am I made with two eyes, two ears, and but one tongue?"

"That you may hear and see twice as much as you say," was the reply, which was evidently pleasantly appreciated by the other.

Another relates, "I once met Mr. Atwell when I was trying to walk on a very slippery place, and he said to me, "There is no danger of falling, if you can only *keep your balance!*"

His direct way of expressing the whole of a thought in a few words was once strikingly illustrated at a certain funeral, when he began a prayer, "Lord, let us ask ourselves what we have done for the widow!" The

well-known circumstances of the event made this single sentence a life lesson to every one who heard it.

A friend relates, "Mr. Atwell called to see my mother not long before she died. As he was about leaving I said to him, 'Mother fears death, and suffers a great deal from the dread of it.' He turned and went back to her bedside and said to her, 'Have no fear at all, there is no need of that. Did you know when you were born? You will not know when you die.'

This was to her the greatest of comforts."

Mr. Atwell's ideas of death were expressed in a letter to Mrs. S. Emilia Phelps, which was published in the *Christian Secretary*, entitled

NOT A MODEL BUT MODEST SERMON.

Man has fallen foully, not fatally. Man had rather be great than good. He'd rather be rich than righteous. His love of gold is stronger than his love of God. Earth-born and earth-bound, he builds his house on sand and his castle in the air. No man by going over to the world can win it. Judas and Demas tested it. Satan tempts men that they may tempt God. God's voice of invitation is lost. Satan's temptation is listened to. Selah.

Adam fell by trying to rise; could not rise but could run; heard and hid. Adam fell by eating, Christ stood

by fasting. Adam ate, and Christ must drink. Bitter cup! Note: nor could the cup pass, though Christ's prayer lay between his lips and the cup, no more than Joseph's silver cup could pass Benjamin's sack, what though he was the only guiltless one of his guilty brethren.

The arrow of death is the only key that unlocks the door of Paradise. No way into the world but by birth, no way out but by death. We came into the world by the front door, *i. e.*, by birth; we go out by the back door, *id est*, by death.

Never look forward for death nor anticipate it. Look back if you'd learn what death is. God told Moses, Thou shalt not see my face; thou shalt see my back parts; my face thou shalt not see. We may look back upon the past, we cannot penetrate the future. To understand what death is, look back, not forward.

You were once an infant, that infancy died, you sustained no loss; 'twas succeeded by childhood, that childhood expired, and youth shone forth in its stead; nor did youth continue, but quickly passed and gave place for maturity, middle life. Say, did you know when your infancy passed away and your childhood commenced? No, nor does any one know when they die, any more than they now know the time when childhood was the resurrection from our defunct

infancy, and youth the resurrection from our short-lived childhood. Each state is progressive and productive of its superior. Christians are slow of heart to believe that Christ has abolished death.

Sleep is a short death and death a long sleep. "Lord, if he sleep he shall do well"; in that said his disciples truly. 'Twas a proverb of Menander that sleep was a remedy for all diseases. When death exists we don't, and when death ends we don't, was another proverb of the ancients.

Adam's deep sleep represented death. When he awoke it prefigured his resurrection. He beheld in Eve his body resurrected, far more beautiful than himself, though bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Though from the dust, she was not made of it, nor will our resurrection body be made of dust or ever return to it.

What though Adam was head, Eve was the crown of that head. The first woman was born of a man, the second Adam was born of a woman.

We are part animal and part angel, half dust and half deity. God will take away the first that He may establish the second. What though God took a rib, the man was not robbed, for God returned the bone *bonus*.

The following appeared not long afterwards:

HEART.

There is such a thing as softening of the brain and hardening of the heart. Man's heart is more depraved than his understanding. By the heart is meant the soul, and all its faculties. A minister's work is to break hard hearts and to mend broken ones. In order for this he should preach nothing up but Christ, nothing down but the devil.

Moses wrote his laws on stone; Solon inscribed his on brass; the Medes and Persians wrote their's on iron. The Puritan fathers drafted their laws on blue paper, hence they were called "blue laws."

But where, tell me where, does Jesus Christ write His laws?

On the *heart*. "I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them." Heb. x, 16. "I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts." Heb. viii, 10.

Note: what the pericardium, *id est*, the heart, is to the human body, so is the heart to the soul. What the garden of Eden was to the world, so is the heart to the man. What the sanctum sanctorum was to the Temple, so is the heart to man—i. e., the most important part. Before the heart is changed it is the worst part of the man; after it is renewed it is the best.

What law does Christ the Lawgiver write on the

heart? An exceeding broad one, yet comprehended in one word, LOVE, which fulfills the whole law, whether of Sinai or Olivet. The decalogue is not ten but one law. The four first verses speak of our *love* to God, and the remaining six of our *duty* to man. Love God and your neighbor: the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The end of the commandment is charity. It never fails, never faints, never fears; fear is cast out when love comes in. God is love, and charity is lovely. It brought God down to us in the person of His Son, and brings us up to God

Still we seldom pray for it. We pray for faith—the disciples did—Lord increase our faith. Lord strengthen our hope. We pray for patience, resignation; indeed we pray for all the Christian graces except this the greatest of them all. We seldom ask God for "LOVE."

The following sentiment is from that distinguished statesman and philosopher, Thomas Jefferson: "Of all the systems of faith which I have ever examined, I hesitate not to give that of Jesus Christ decidedly the preference. Other systems are based on the passions and on circumstances, but Jesus Christ goes further,—He builds on the *heart*."

Yours as of yore, Æ. 84. G. B. A.

One of his puns has been so often quoted and re-

quoted as to barely escape becoming a proverb. While in Hartford, he met Rev. Dr. Turnbull on the street, who said to him, "Father Atwell, how do you keep so straight in your old age?"

"Straightened circumstances, Brother Turnbull!"

Puns came to him so naturally that they sometimes took shape in his dreams. One morning at the breakfast table he said, "I had a singular dream last night, and one which I cannot account for. I thought I met Elder Nash (formerly a Methodist Presiding Elder), and he said to me, 'You have lost all your teeth.' I replied, 'Take care of yours! you'll want them to *gnash* with when you get to a certain place!'"

Then, before opening the Bible for the usual morning reading, he said, "Dreams are strange phenomena. What fragments of broken thought, and what a train of detached ideas float in the mind! We awake, and 'a change comes over the spirit of our dream.' Now, images as empty and visionary haunt our waking as well as our sleeping hours. This life is a dream. At death the bubble bursts, the spell is broken, and all things are real and lasting. God has connected time with eternity, and so linked the conduct of life with our state after death, that all our thoughts, words, and actions are drawn after us. The tree is on this side, but the fruit is on that. Well, have I preached enough? If you think I have, I'll begin to read!"

CHAPTER XIII.

FRATERNITY.

It has been said of Mr. Atwell that he was a "born Mason," and in a quaint little volume, printed in 1815, is an allusion to his father's experience, which we give verbatim:

"From this time the reader will hear no more of Mr. Atwell preaching in the south part of Wilbraham, and will be naturally inclined to enquire the reason. We should be happy in not finding it duty to publish the singular cause; but it appears right to state the facts. In this place the Lord revived his work with mighty power, and our friend's labors were greatly blessed among the people: great numbers could nearly pluck out their eyes for his sake; but in the midst of all this it was discovered that he was A Free and Accepted Mason!!! This, merely through ignorance, was deemed a crime of no small magnitude by some, and the church now called *the Baptist church in Wilbraham and Monson*, passed a particular vote in the case, which barred and bolted the door against him, and against all Masons. We would ask these beloved

brethren if they know what Masonry is? If they answer in the affirmative, they are Masons themselves; but if negatively, then how exists their skill to discern a great evil in that which they know nothing about? *Lord, what is man?* Immediately after this took place, the Lord withdrew his Spirit, and the work was greatly on the decline."

The little book, after making note of his death, which occurred April 10, 1814, alludes to the funeral as follows:

"Tuesday, 12th, his remains were carried to the Presbyterian meeting-house, and a solemn discourse was delivered by Elder J. Wightman of West Springfield, to a crowded and much affected assembly. His body was then consigned to its mother earth with masonic honors."

The impressiveness of the ceremonies, combined with the force of his father's example, moved the son in the freshness of his sorrow to seek the nearest lodge, which was at East Windsor, and to be initiated into the mysteries of the "mystic tie." He was not an active mason, however, until after he settled in Pleasant Valley, and not especially prominent until the year 1874, when, by the kindness of Mr. W. W. Lee, he was raised to the office of Grand Chaplain of Connecticut. His installation took place at New Haven, June 24,

1874, two weeks previous to his eighty-second birthday.

Mr. Atwell was naturally social to the extent that genial and friendly intercourse with others was absolutely a constitutional need. It inspirited him like sunlight, and the gatherings and reunions at which his presence was sought and pains taken to secure, were among the pleasures and delights of his old age, and no doubt contributed much towards sustaining the flow of animal spirits upon which his life now *almost* depended.

Many of the quaint blessings and prayers which he uttered on different occasions are preserved in the annals of Masonry. At a Masonic banquet he invoked a blessing thus: "O Lord, Adam fell by eating, Noah fell by drinking; may we who are before Thee avoid the sin of the one and the folly of the other. Amen." Another: "We have left the trestle-board and now surround the Board of Relief. Save us from the lion's mouth, but may we never reject the Lion's paw. Should any of our fraternity lack aid, may they be enabled to say, Eureka! Amen." Still another: "Make us thankful; may we always be grateful and never be wasteful." And another: "The temple of Solomon had precious stones, the tomb of Jesus had costly spices. We have left the temple not for the tomb but the table, and while

we accept Thy bounty as free mercies, wilt Thou accept us as free masons. Amen."

His last utterance before the Masonic Fraternity was a prayer offered at the "Annual Reunion of the Masonic Veterans of Connecticut, holden at Waterbury, Conn., June 26, 1878." He was then eighty-five years old:

"O Lord! We cannot call Thee Father, unless we can call Man our Brother.

"Permit us to look from the depths of Jacob's Well to the heights of Jacob's Ladder. Some are ascending, but the Veterans before Thee are descending. They need Jacob's *staff* as well as his *ladder* to aid their descent. They may worship leaning on the top of that staff, but need the stay as well as the staff. What though they may be bald as was Elisha; make them bold as Elijah, to mount his chariot and be carried to the Grand Lodge eternal in the heavens. Amen."

Among his papers has been found a fragment, containing the following: "Wise men came from the east in search of light, and found it. They saw the star in the east, arose and followed, fearing no danger. We, in modern time, walk the rugged path of life, traveling from west to east, and meet at the same point the Magi of old, beneath the Royal Arch, where sits our Grand High Priest, our Worshipful Master, wearing a starry diadem. While the Mussulman cleaves to his Alcoran and the Hindo to his Shasta, the Mahometan bows to the Crescent and the Christian clings to the Cross, look

on that Altar which sanctifies the gift! There is the open Bible, the square and the compass; we accept the former as the insignia of our order, and the latter as the ground of our faith."

Appropriate here seems the insertion of four stanzas from an original poem recited at the reunion of the Veteran Association at New Haven, Conn., June 25, 1879, two months after Mr. Atwell's death:

But a saddened thought comes o'er me as these well-remembered faces
Range themselves about our Altar to revive the sacred flame.
Here and there I see before me empty chairs and vacant places—
Yet not vacant quite, my Brothers, for each bears a cherished name.

Whisper us, O risen Atwell!—if but lawful for revealing—
Tell us what may be *our* chances when the shining portals swing;
As the glories of the morning through the shadows are unveiling,
And we stand beneath the Arches of the Temple of the King.

For we walk amid the darkness of our nature, blindly groping,
With our either hand outstretching for some doorway to the Light;
And we turn the roughened Ashlars in the Rubbish, fondly hoping
To find amid their number the Key-stone of the right.

Yet we have the bright example of thy life while yet among us,
That will guide us if we follow, to the open gates above;
If we heed thy steady counsel to forgive the wrongs that wrong us,
And to win men into friendship, by our Charity and Love.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THE "lightening before death"—what is it? Whence comes the clearness of vision and brightening of faculties? Are waiting angels over eager to bring reward? Looking back to the sweet and gracious ministry of that last year, comes the wonder whether out of the depths of God's possibilities, His law of compensation may or may not work to His beloved a foretaste of the life beyond the vale.

Pleasant things now gathered to his pathway. Cares and perplexities were hidden away from him, for the waning life was too precious for aught but cloudless skies and peaceful surroundings. And yet sometimes he knew.

One evening, sitting in the calm of the twilight, he took the hand of the one who sat beside him, and said, "You are despondent to-night; you are heavily burdened."

"Why do you think so? *How do you know?*"

"I cannot tell you *how* I know. I close my eyes and I feel it in the touch of your hand. Your burden is

more for others than for yourself, but it is not as bad as it seems."

And so it proved.

A friend relates the following incident:

"I met Mr. Atwell one day when I was recovering from a long and dangerous illness. He said to me, 'I am glad you are feeling so much better to-day."

"I replied, 'How do you know, Elder, that I am feeling better?'

"'I know,' said he, 'by the touch of your hand. You have been worse off than any one knew, and it will be a long time before you will entirely recover. You may live to be an aged woman before you will cease to feel the effects of it.'

"This surprised me much, for I knew that he could have no knowledge whatever of what my condition had been."

The clearness of his mental vision and growing nearness to heavenly things were plainly evident from day to day, and the freshness of his thoughts was remarkable. One memorable evening in 1878 he gave a dramatic recital of the history of Jacob and Esau, and the picture of Rebekah when Jacob obtained his brother's blessing, was something to be *heard*, for it cannot be described.

He was bright and cheerful, and greatly enjoyed conversation with neighbors and friends. His heart

was made glad by their appreciation, for he was beloved and sought by the young as well as the old. He even departed from his usual routine and surprised every one by absence of fatigue after unwonted efforts. He attended evening meetings and spoke with more than his usual impressiveness, and upon being invited to a reception on the evening of the thirteenth of December, at the elegant home of some friends in New Hartford, he desired to go, and went. He was received and greeted by all with kindness and reverent affection, and evidently enjoyed the reunion.

On Sunday, January 19th (and by comparing dates it proved to be the anniversary of the death of his wife), he attended church once more in New Hartford, and listened to a sermon from the pastor, Rev. R. H. Bolles. In the afternoon he accompanied him to Canton to the usual afternoon service, and preached by special request of Mr. Bolles, who kindly furnishes the following description from memory:

FATHER ATWELL'S LAST SERMON.

Preached at Canton, Sunday, January 19, 1879.

"When he arose to preach, he stood erect and in silence for a moment and looked over the congregation as if in search of some one. His manner fastened every eye in the audience upon him with an expression of attention and inquisitive expectancy. Then he said,

'I look for Deacon Harger and Deacon Higley, for Isaac Mills, for Edmund Case, and many others; but why should I seek the living among the dead?'

The effect cannot be described. It can only be realized by those who saw the tears of some, and the manifest emotion of all the audience. He then recited the words of Scripture, "How much less man, that is a worm? and the son of man which is a worm?" He omitted the usual form of announcing a text, nor did he say where the words were to be found.

While riding home, I asked him why he didn't tell the audience that his text was the 6th verse of the 25th chapter of Job?

'Because,' said he, 'I wished to awaken their curiosity to hunt it up in the Bible, and so compel them to a searching of the Scripture.'

His theme—which he did not announce in a set form of words—was, 'The unmerited love of God for the sinful and the unthankful.' I cannot repeat his quaint and original forms of expression; they kept me wondering and admiring throughout the discourse. It was a sermon to be *heard*. I cannot—and I doubt if any one could—give any adequate report or description of it to one who did not hear it. Perhaps those who have heard him frequently, however, can imagine, from the meager reminiscences that I am able to give, something

of its originality and power to fix the attention and awaken emotion.

He said, 'There is preaching enough on the fear of God, and the law of God, and the wrath of God, but too little on the love of God.' One of his illustrations was the story of a recaptured fugitive slave, which he asserted to be a fact by his own personal knowledge.

The gist of the story was: 'A master, having recaptured a fugitive, had him brought before him in the presence of all his other slaves, and then said to him, 'You expect now that I shall punish you, load you with irons, and keep a sharp look-out that you do not escape from me again. But I shall do no such thing. I will not *compel* any one of my slaves to stay with me; I want them to stay with me and work for me, because they love me as a good and kind master. I have sent out and captured you and brought you back to tell you, in the presence of all these, that if you can justly charge me with abuse, if you can honestly say that I am not a good master; in short, if you do not love your master, and wish to stay with him, you have my permission to leave.' Then the fugitive was broken into penitence, and he and his fellow-servants were bound to their master in bonds of love.

Father Atwell's dramatic recital of this story—the dialogue that he carried on between the fugitive and master; the description of the effect on the witnessing

slaves, the delineation of the mercy of the master when only his wrath was apprehended, was inimitable and indescribable.

In closing, he illustrated the love of God in regenerating, sanctifying, and glorifying the lost sinner by the description of a wrecked voyager, cast, bruised and insensible, upon a barren and rocky shore. He is awakened to consciousness by the touch of a benignant being, who beckons him to follow. Inspired with wonder, he becomes conscious of how he is bruised and mangled and that he is too weak to rise. His guide takes him by the hand and raises him up, sets his feet securely on a rock, and he feels almost superhuman strength. He follows, and the way gradually changes; first grass, then trees, flowers, and fruits appear; it grows brighter and brighter as he proceeds, and a beautiful city is seen; it is reached, and he is led into it through gates of pearl; amazed at the beauty and grandeur of its structures, he inquires, 'Whose are these?' and is informed, 'These have been built by the Ruler of this city to be occupied by those he loves.' Before one of the most beautiful of these structures the guide pauses, and the traveler inquires, 'Whose is this?' The guide replies, 'This is one of the many mansions your Heavenly Father has prepared for those who love him, and this one is yours. Enter in, never again to sin or suffer, and never to die!'

I am painfully aware of the violence this description does to Father Atwell's delineation. As, by words and gestures, he pictured the scene, it became a real, present vision; I was moved, not only to tears, but my whole frame shook with emotion. I do not think that Bunyan could have excelled it. It was more like him than any other author I can think of, yet it was so different from Bunyan, or anything that I had heard or read, that it was perfectly novel and unique. The whole sermon and the preacher in delivering it seemed to glow with inspiration and supernal light. It seemed as if the gates of heaven were open and the golden light from thence gave a celestial coloring to it all.

I was surprised that he did not appear fatigued after the effort, and that he was so vigorous and bright during our return ride. I did not apprehend then that the glorious vision with which he had so charmed me would so soon be to him a blessed and eternal reality.

After his departure, I believed that when he drew that picture in his last sermon, like the departing Stephen, he saw Heaven open before him."

His constitutional resistance to anything like the approach of disease was so remarkable that but little outward change could be noted, yet behind the marshaled forces, gently and slowly, like the beloved one sixteen years before, his steps came down to the river of death. Did the heavens open and angels linger?

There were tender twilight talks, in which his lega-

cies were given and bestowed: pearls of price, words of out-reaching tenderness, undying, yet unrepeatable. The burden of it all was that nothing in Christ's maxims is more plainly taught than the doctrine of God's providence, and that safety is only found by making it a guide and *never distrusting it.* He read and wrote as usual, and in the *Christian Secretary* of Feb. 10th appeared the following

RABBINICAL LEGEND.*

When Jonathan gave his bow and quiver to his lad to carry back to the city, the lad much admired the princely bow and was minded to put to proof its power by actual experiment.

He shot an arrow directly upward. Soaring beyond his ken, and now out of sight, he concluded 'twas lost and would never return.

The shaft having spent its force, returned in a perpendicular direction and smote the lad in the head.

Piercing through hat and hair, scalp and scull, it whispered this truth to his brain: Young man, 'tis useless to shoot arrows against heaven, for two reasons:

1. You can never hit it. 2. Your missiles will return on your own head. "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealings shall come down upon his own pate." Psalms vii, 16. Saul's javelin or arrows could never reach David.

GEORGE B. ATWELL.

On the evening of March 4th he attended a golden wedding in New Hartford, and made the presentation of a gold-headed cane memorable by following the speech with a happy allusion to "Grandfather Adam's Cain," which started a round of puns and witty sayings from others present.

His last public utterance was on Sunday, March 30th, when Rev. Mr. Tomkinson delivered his farewell sermon at the Methodist church in Pleasant Valley. Mr. Atwell pronounced the benediction, to which all listened and wondered, for it fell like dews from heaven. Tuesday, April 8th, he was made happy by calls from valued friends, and the thoughts suggested by his appearance found expression in the following:

Since the following beautiful and touching lines were given to the printer, "Father Atwell"—Rev. George B. Atwell—long known and loved in our Zion, has passed to his heavenly rest. He died at Pleasant Valley, Wednesday, April 23, having almost completed his 86th year.—ED. SEC.

[For the Christian Secretary.]

TO FATHER ATWELL—INDIAN SUMMER.

BY MRS. ORRIN FITCH.

It is lying on the hills like a dream of long ago,
And bathing all the valley with its warm and mellow glow;
'Tis rustling through the branches, with a sigh as sweet as song,
And a something, something whispers—it cannot linger long.

There's a vague and tender reaching—of earth up to the sky,
A soft, uniting perfectness, that cheats the mortal eye,
Like one so sanctified and sweet, so precious and so true,
We know not where earth faded out or when the glory grew.

O, summer, summer, sweet and old!—fade slowly from our way,
We would not miss a single charm that glorifies thy day;
No birds may build, nor flowers bloom, and yet we surely hear
The rustle and the radiance unfold and disappear.

O, summer, summer, sweet and old!—fade slowly,—for with thee
Dear faces wait, that all too soon beyond our sight may be;
No birds may build, nor flowers bloom, yet leaf and bud and rose,
We'd give them all, to feel within, one hour of their repose.

Fade slowly—for no golden days can ever these repeat,
No words of wisdom, O my friend, like thine seem half so sweet;
But in the boundless Beautiful, with fadeless summers fair,
I pray you meet us at the gate, and give us welcome there.

Slowly it faded, yet the golden moments came and went, and one by one the jeweled hours were told. He was ready to depart, but the superb physique resisted, and brain and hand were kept in service.

The following is his last writing:

THE MAN AND HIS SHADOW.

"You are like a false friend," said a man to his shadow; "you follow me only when the sun shines."

"Like a true friend," quoth the shadow, "I show your just dimensions, nor do I conceal your defects."

"If you are a friend," demanded the man, "why do you run from me when I pursue you?"

"To show you that he who runs after fame chases a shadow which he cannot overtake."

"Then why do you follow close to my heels when I run from you?"

"To teach you," replied the shadow, "that glory or fame attend those who do not run after them."

"You are visible in prosperity and invisible in adversity," said the man.

"I am the *fac simile* of yourself," responded the shadow; "in me you see your own image."

"I charge you with duplicity," answered the man; "at noon you represent me as a mere dwarf; as the sun declines and inclines towards the horizon, you exhibit me as taller than Saul or even Goliah. By what law or right do you add so many cubits to my stature? As a shadow you should cast my true porportions at all times; but you are fickle and changeable, *bonus* in sunshine but *minus* in shade and showers."

"You cast *reflections* on me," said the shadow; "reflect now *inwardly*, and consider that you have an inward mirror as well as an outward shadow. I am dark, but he is light; I show your externals, he discerns your inner man. Beware of him, obey his voice, provoke him not. Exodus xxiii, 21. Agree with him quickly while thou art in the way with him. Remem-

ber your life is a shadow, cast not from your body but from your *soul.* You cannot run fast nor far enough to flee from me, while I follow close at your heels. He follows your heart, and where you are he is. What is his name and his Son's name, if thou canst tell?"

"I think," said the man, "his name may be CONSCIENCE."

Note.—Hezekiah was taught by a shadow which went backward, showing him that he would go back fifteen years into his youth. David's youth was renewed like the eagle's, and he wrote a psalm prophetic of the degrees of the sun-dial of Ahaz.

The pillar of cloud was as true a guide as the pillar of fire, and both are blended in God's wisdom. The person in the parable complained of his shadow without considering that the sun, which is the source of light, is likewise the parent of the shadow.

Ministers are like their predecessors, Peter, James, and John, who feared when the cloud overshadowed them, not knowing the cloud was a *shadow* of good things to come."

Failure of eyesight was the first indication of the general surrender of nature's forces. He laid down his newspaper with the remark, "This is a premonition." From that time, symptoms became alarming and family friends were summoned. He was pleased to have them near him, and most tender and sacred words were spoken.

On the afternoon of Saturday, April 19th, he rallied, and when Rev. Mr. Maine, then of Colebrook, called, he desired to see him. Said Mr. Maine, "Father Atwell, you are going to a better life!"

With a smile, he replied, "Do you really believe in the better life?"

"*I do*," was the answer.

"Then impart it to others!"

He still continued to rally, was able to talk more, and in conversation with Rev. Mr. Bolles, later in the afternoon, the old twinkle came back to his eye and the old smile to his lips. Said he, "As ye go, heal the sick; that's your commission. If there's to be a miracle, there'll be no death. I want to ask you a question. If we were alone it wouldn't matter how you answered, but I want you to answer for this young man to hear. Did God or the devil afflict Job?"

"God *permitted* the devil to afflict Job."

"Did the devil have a good purpose in afflicting Job?"

"No, but God had a good purpose in permitting it. The devil claimed that if God removed the self-interest from Job's life, Job would curse God. God said to the devil, 'I give him up to you except his life. Try your experiment.' The devil tried and failed."

"There, Mr. Owen," said Mr. Atwell, "You hear

that. Don't forget it!" Said Mr. Bolles, "Can you sleep? Do you suffer much pain?"

"The body is wearing out, heart and flesh are failing."

"But you can say, 'It is well with my soul.'"

The reply was, "I can say that *it is well with Him who died to save my soul.*"

Sunday was a hopeful day. He sat in his easy chair, erect and upright as ever, and his voice sounded full and strong. He talked much, and among other things said the time would come when for a man to live one hundred years would not be considered out of the natural course. This was the last rallying. Monday brought failing strength, followed by much apparent suffering, borne, as was his wont, without complaint.

On the morning of Wednesday, April 23d, it was evident that the end was near. His physician was summoned, and remained with him until the last. The spirit was ready to depart, but nature's final surrender was like mortal combat. In one of the intervals of spasms he looked up gratefully to the physician, and said, "Doctor, I believe you *do* know something!"

To his children he said, "I can say nothing more than I have already said. *It is needful for you that I go away*, and I want you to behave with firmness and fortitude. Think that father has gone home. You will see the hand of Providence in it."

Rev. Mr. Betts, the Episcopal clergyman of Pine Meadow, a very valued friend, called and read the commendatory prayer, to which he responded "Amen."

One of his children said to him, "I wish I could go with you, father!"

He replied, "The time has not come; it wouldn't be worth while."

"Oh, father, don't you want me?"

"Darling, I want you in Heaven."

Another said, "Do you know me, father?"

It was now difficult for him to speak, but this could be gathered: "Certainly, certainly, I remember distinctly ——"

He called for water, and after swallowing it, said, "Beautiful water!"

A little later he said, "This is death!"

The last hour was peaceful. Three times the pulsation seemed to cease, and three times the strong heart beat again, then slower and slower, until a little past four o'clock it gave itself up, sweet and trusting, to its Maker.

CHAPTER XV.

BURIAL.

The funeral was on Sunday, April 27th, at the Methodist church in Pleasant Valley. Six ministers were present: Rev. R. H. Bolles of New Hartford, and Rev. R. H. Maine, then of Colebrook; Rev. Mr. Adams of New Hartford, and Rev. Mr. Peffers of Barkhamsted, Congregational clergymen; Rev. Mr. Betts of Pine Meadow, and Rev. Mr. Moffitt of the Methodist church in Pleasant Valley. The services consisted of tributes from each of the ministering brethren present, and appropriate hymns, sung by a fine quartette choir. Rev. R. H. Bolles, as pastor of the New Hartford church, conducted the exercises, and gave an affecting tribute beginning, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" and Rev. R. H. Maine dwelt with much feeling upon the memories growing out of thirty years' acquaintance, and association in the ministry.

The Masonic services at the grave were beautiful and impressive. They were conducted by Mr. W. W. Lee, and from his own description of the scene the following is taken:

"There has been no such gathering in the Valley since Captain E. R. Lee was buried on Good Friday, 1862. From Winsted, Wolcottville, Thomaston, Collinsville, Unionville, New Hartford, and all the hillsides around, they came, and even from Hartford and Meriden. More than one hundred and fifty Masons were in the procession, and it was actually impossible for the people to obtain admittance into the Methodist church in which the services were held. Windows and doors were thrown open, so that those might hear who could not see. Six clergymen were in attendance, all testifying to the worth, beauty, and fitness of the life which had closed so recently; yet the tenor of their remarks was not of sorrow, but rather of rejoicing and triumph. Brother Lee, P. G. M., spoke in feeling terms of him who was the friend of his boyhood and confidant and counsel of his riper years, and also for the boys who had gone from that village, and who would hear with sadness the news of his death. He had come to help bury him who had helped to bury so many of his (the speaker's) kindred, and who, among the many noted clergymen in all the fraternity, he (S. M. Lee) had deemed it most fitting to select for Grand Chaplain, when the brethren had selected him for Grand Master of Masons in Connecticut. . . . .

There was present no more sincere mourner than Chu Kia You, a Chinese youth (one of those who were

sent to this country a few years since) who has been educated in the Elder's family.

Although the services were two hours or more in length, no one seemed to be tired or uneasy. At the grave Bro. Lee, by request of Grand Master Bullock, and in accordance with the unanimous wish of Northern Star Lodge, conducted the service. It was a scene that will not soon be forgotten. The speaker had come to the half-century post in life, and had come to bury the friend of his childhood and youth. A few of the veterans of the "Anti-Masonic war" had come to bury one of their fast thinning members, now well down the hill. Next were the men of grizzly hair and beard, telling that they had reached the summit; then the strong and sturdy men of elastic step; and still the younger ones, just stepping forward in life; youth, manhood, and old age—the three stages, not a picture, but a reality. The voice of the speaker rose clear and strong, and was distinctly heard by the hundreds present. Mingled with the speaker's voice were the twitter of the returning spring warblers and the ripple of the Tunxis on its banks, while the sighing of the gentle breeze in the pines seemed as if prepared for the time and act. The hush of the quiet spring day was in keeping with the scene; long the friends lingered as if loth to leave the spot where they had buried the

Christian, Pastor, Friend, Sage, Philosopher, and Mason. So closes the record of a life devoted to God and fellow-men."

IN MEMORIAM—REV. GEORGE B. ATWELL.

BY REV. A. G. PALMER, D.D.

As comes the shock of grain, with ripened ear,
Of wheaten sheaf or stalk of golden maize,
Under the genial heat of summer days
And nights, in Autumn's mellow atmosphere,
Matured and ready for the harvest song:
So, on beyond the "three-score years and ten,"
The farthest average time allowed to men,
Did this dear, blithe old man his age prolong,—
Genial in temper, saintly, made by grace,
A Christian pastor, wise and "apt to teach,"
Devout in manner, sanctified in speech,
With chastened soberness upon a face
That, under nature's role alone, had won
With ease the prize of sparkling wit and fun.

Alas, that we shall see that face no more,
Nor longer read his terse, quaint epigrams,
His scathing satires of religious shams,
His puns of humor, an exhaustless store!
Simple and childlike, he had no pretence
Of piety above the common grade
Of sinners saved by sovereign grace and made
Saints by imputed righteousness, and hence

His preaching, while not eloquent, profound
In words of cultured wisdom from the schools,
As gauged by theologic forms and rules,
Was yet "in doctrine incorrupt and sound."
Last of a race of apostolic men—
His like and theirs, when shall we see again?

THE END.

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